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SESSION 1898-9.

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REVIEWS.

THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

A History of Spanish Literature. By J. Fitzmaurice Kelly. (Heinemann.)

THIS volume belongs to the *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World*, which Mr. Edmund Gosse is editing for Mr. Heinemann. No great European literature is less known to Englishmen than that of Spain. Hitherto we have had to depend on Ticknor; but it was time that some later and more modern work should be placed in the hands of the public, an up-to-date and concise handbook was needed to dispel a national ignorance not creditable to us. The editor has been singularly fortunate in securing for this purpose such a man as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, who by his recent revised edition of the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* has filled a gap which Spain herself had left vacant—a singular distinction for a foreigner. If we may infer Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly's nationality from his name, it is appropriate that an Irishman should approve himself an expert in Spanish letters. For Ireland has given to Spain generals like O'Donnell; to Spain the "Wild Geese" winged their flight; from Spain came Owen Roe to the deathly victory of Benburb; from Spain—according to the "old Milesian story"—came Erin herself. This is an excellent and model handbook. It is treated with perspective and proportion; it is comprehensive, clear, concise, yet not dry-as-dust; the judgments are judicial, impartial, and well on the hither side of exaggeration; the style is good, lucid, and interesting. The book is kept from being a mere museum of labelled and classified literary objects (the common fate of brief handbooks embracing vast themes) by the allusive manner of a writer possessing wide collateral knowledge and trained literary sense. It is work well done by one who has a thorough grip of his subject, and has thought out its essentials before he set pen to paper.

Spanish literature has had a singular course, unlike that of other European literatures of the present day, and is but

dimly paralleled by the history of Roman letters. Italy and England began by following foreign models, but the foreign influence came at the outset. At the outset France and Italy gave models to Chaucer, Provence to the predecessors of Dante. Rome, indeed, began with an indigenous literature. But that literature was strangled in its birth. Nævius was at once its first great name, and its last. Spain presents the singular sight of a literature developing on internal lines for centuries, graced by many great names, and in a day taking its mortal wound, giving place to a new literature growing on external and Italian lines. Like Rome and England, however, it retained something of its own, which it developed to purely national results. With Rome it was satire. With Spain, as with England, it was the drama.

The earliest work we possess from Spain which can be called literature is, in fact, a mystery-play—"The Misterio de los Reyes Magos." In kind it is founded on similar Latin plays which were common in France, but it has (says Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly) a sweetness and a comparative dramatic freedom which lift it much above its models, and make it the germ from which ultimately came the Spanish *auto*. Next comes the famous *Poema del Cid*. This *Poem of the Cid* is much older than the romances of the Cid, earlier than the *Cronica Rimada*, which is the other great source of the Cid legends. How fine the *Poem* often is the reader may see in the spirited version of Hookham Frere. This early effort was undoubtedly influenced by the French *jongleurs* and *troubadours*. The Alexandrine metre alone shows this. But it is developed to thoroughly Spanish results. France suggested also one of the national metres of Spain, the *cuaderna via*, consisting of fourteen-syllable lines in quatrains turning on a single rhyme. It is the metre used by Berceo, a sacred poet, who is the first known verse-writer of Spain. This is in the thirteenth century, the age of Alphonso the Learned. That Castilian king was the founder of Spanish literature. He not only encouraged literature; he was himself the first great Spanish writer—that is, the first great Castilian writer. Galician first developed as a poetic language, and furnished models to Castille. Alfonso's own poems to the Virgin (which are of striking merit) were written in Galician; so little likely did it seem then that Galician, like Provençal, would become a dialect, and Castilian the national tongue of Spain. But Alfonso's prose works were written in Castilian—Castilian so pure and stately that it laid the foundations of all subsequent Castilian prose. His heir, Sancho, followed him with letters to his son, little inferior to Alfonso's—for both these kings were royal Chesterfields. The fourteenth century opens with "the greatest name in early Castilian literature," as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly calls him, Juan Ruiz. This Spanish Rabelais was a dissolute cleric, Archpriest of Hita. He died, most probably, in gaol, and to a certainty he deserved it. But he was a brilliant genius, "the first great lyric poet of Castille," and a master of tales in verse, dealing Chaucer-wise with the living types of his own day.

He innovated, gave freedom and masterly variety to the stiff verse of his predecessors, and overflowed with wit, humour, gaiety, grasp of character, and reckless depiction of all the picturesque licentious Spain of his day—its Jewesses, Moors, nuns, court-ladies, and peasant wenches. Beside him stands the Infante Juan Manuel, whose *Conde Lucanor* is a collection of prose tales, admirable in style, irony, and satire; anticipating in their framework the methods of the *Decameron*. Last comes the Chancellor Ayala, statesman, warrior, and writer. A masterly and judicial historian, he also wrote the *Rimado de Palacio*—a long, bitter, and powerful satire, the last great work written in the old *cuaderna via*.

For with the fifteenth century began the signs of coming change. The classics were studied and imitated, Dante was translated, the Italians were becoming known. Francisco Imperial, an Italian, imitated Dante's methods in Spanish. The Marquis de Santillana followed him, copying not only Dante, but Petrarch and Boccaccio, and for the first time introducing the sonnet into Spain. He was not successful, his graceful pastoral pieces being his best title to fame. Perez de Guzman continues the prose tradition with a brilliant gallery of contemporary historical portraits. In the latter part of the century Gomez de Manrique made further essays on the Italian model, and distinguished himself by his elegiac verses. More famous are the immortal elegiacs of Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, which Longfellow has rendered without, to our mind, catching the beauty of the original. He also in a few pieces carried forward the still primitive drama, both religious and secular. But the great step in that direction was taken by Encina, whose eclogues, lay or liturgical, are really simple dramas, handled with a skill which paved the way for the *autos* of Calderon, though he did not himself depart from the ancient lines. The *Celestina* of Fernando de Rojas, a long piece in dramatic form, approximating more to the romantic novel than the play, really furnished the point of departure for the future Spanish novel. Early in the next century Torres Naharro, a dramatist in advance of his age, set the example of scientific plot, character-drawing, and clever dialogue. But his precedent was not to avail for dramatic salvation till a century later.

The fifteenth century had seen the sowing of the Italian seed, seemingly to no purpose; the sixteenth saw the harvest. Extended intercourse with Italy had prepared men's minds, and the Great Captain's triumphs in Italy were retorted to by an amazing Italian conquest in Spain. It was a sufficiently mediocre Catalan poet, one Boscán, who won where greater poets had failed. In truth they had not failed, any more than the ploughman fails because the seedsman sows in his furrow. The Venetian Ambassador, Navagiero, urged Boscán to write in Italian measures. After patient practice he brought out a volume of poems, imitated with more labour than success from Petrarch and the Italians. But the innovation took; and it took specially with Boscán's friend, Garcilaso de la Vega.

That was the turning-point. Garcilaso was a man of brilliant genius, and he speedily outstripped Boscán in the new style. His brief life sufficed to set the Italian movement beyond the risk of failure, and to raise himself to the head of Spanish poetry. Then he fell—Spain's Sidney—in the breach of Muy and the arms of the future St. Francis Borgia. The Italian revolution spread like an epidemic. In half a century the old Castilian Muse was dead and interred.

This extraordinary change of dynasty in Song was justified by its fruits. The latter half of the sixteenth century, coinciding with the reign of Philip II., was the Augustan age of Spanish poetry. To the elegant and dreamy Garcilaso succeeded the strong and exuberant Herrera, Torre, Figueroa, the pastoral and tenderly beautiful, Ponce de Leon, first of the great mystic poets—the list is endless. The great tide of Spanish mysticism set in, with St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross in its forefront. Meanwhile, players and playwrights were abroad in the land, the work of Torres Naharro was being continued, and the ways were made straight for the seventeenth century. The seventeenth century was the Augustan age of the Spanish drama and the Spanish novel. An unsuccessful playwright, who had spent half his life in failure on the boards, and the penning of dubiously successful poems, wrote a curious kind of novel as a desperate experiment, and woke up famous as the author of *Don Quixote*. After years of reckless living, a rival stung him into surpassing himself by the production of the Second Part; and the former hopeless failure died, the greatest name in Spain, Miguel de Cervantes. Lope de Vega achieved all that Cervantes had dreamed in drama, became the greatest playwright of his country, and the most inventive dramatist that ever lived. A brilliant train followed him, among whom we can only stop to mention Tirso de Molina, the creator of *Don Juan*. Spain had at length a national theatre, one of the two finest the modern world has seen. To wind up a brilliant age came Calderon. His special contribution was the *auto*. The sacred drama of Encina had been carried a little further by a Portuguese, Gil Vicente, and others. Calderon took it, and made of it a unique and beautiful species. Inferior to Lope and Lope's followers as a playwright, he was their superior as a poet. In lyric drama lay his strength, and the *auto* consequently was his tower and citadel. He remains the greatest religious dramatist of the world, and his lyric beauty is hardly surpassed, nor has often been equalled.

After Calderon—the night. Spain's literature, like Spain's empire, had suddenly culminated; like her empire, it suddenly decayed. With the eighteenth century it fell, and great was the fall thereof. Of its present partial revival Mr. Kelly treats in his final chapter; but it is not our purpose to follow him. Two remarks we may make in conclusion. Throughout Spanish literature there is a strong strain of rhetoric, a worthy and noble rhetoric, akin to that of Rome. The rhetorical strains of Cervantes' *Numancia*, for example, strikingly recall the

Latin writers. Spain gave to Rome Seneca and Lucan; and that virile rhetoric has persisted in the grave Castilian blood; though mingled with a softer note, derived perhaps from the Arab element, which is seen in the lovely choruses of the *Magico Prodigioso*, and the impassioned lyrics of St. John of the Cross. Another characteristic thing is the extraordinary proportion of Spanish writers who have been men of action. Not only Cervantes, but two of his brother dramatists, fought at Lepanto. Lope de Vega bore arms in his youth, Garcilaso de la Vega fell in battle—soldiers are as common as blackberries among the Spanish poets, while many have been statesmen as well. It is an answer to the belief that great writers are unfit for action; and is characteristic of a chivalrous nation and a virile literature. If Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly should induce more Englishmen to make acquaintance with this brilliant, fertile, manly, and beautiful literature, he will earn the reward he would probably value most. Shakespeare's countrymen delighted in it, drew inspiration from it. Why not also their descendants?

SOME FAMOUS PASSAGES IN JOHN KNOX.

The History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland. Written by John Knox. Edited for Popular Use by C. J. Guthrie, Q.C. (A. & C. Black.)

EARLY in the present year it was stated in a leading Edinburgh magazine that in the libraries of the Scottish universities the pages of Laing's great edition of the works of Knox never had been cut! Yet until now there alone could the History be found. Surely the present editor had an imperative call to undertake the task, which he has executed admirably. Before entering upon what is meant rather as an informal chat than a grave essay or review, it is only fair to give a word of praise to what he has done. He has modernised the spelling, explained obscure and difficult words, and divided the book into chapters. Also, about fifty illustrations are given, and these of the most useful kind—portraits of Knox and his contemporaries, and pictures of books, articles of furniture, houses, and other antiquities calculated to illuminate the text. Lastly, it is printed by the Constables in their best style, so that Scotland has no excuse left for neglecting her hero.

But, in truth, only his works have been neglected. There are few books more popular in the libraries than Mrs. McCunn's *Life of John Knox*, and the many Scottish essayists, including Carlyle and Stevenson, have found a fruitful theme in the stern Calvinist. Between them they have managed to familiarise the public with the more famous passages in this wonderful book. Yet it deserves much closer attention. Carlyle has said of the history of Scotland that "it contains nothing of world interest at all but the Reformation of Knox," and great times bring forth interesting characters. For imaginative writers the time has always had

a charm. Many who would not open a serious history know something of it from the abundant romances and plays it has inspired. They know the French connexions of Mary, the house of Guise and Catherine de Medici, from the teeming pages of Dumas. Shakespeare has familiarised them with Elizabethan England, and the *Abbot* and the *Monastery* have painted the Scotland of Queen Mary. Froude, Hill Burton, Skelton, Swinburne—what a diversity of minds have been drawn to the study! And the *dramatis personæ* are well worthy of their attention. They represented life in every form and shape. There were martyrs like Wishart, "courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach and desirous to learn"; arrogant, rich priests like Cardinal Beaton; rough, bold soldiers like Kirkealdy of Grange; deep and subtle politicians like Maitland of Lethington; "godlie and auncient matrons" like the Lady of Grange and—Queen Mary. Nor was the action unworthy of the actors. The chronicle of Knox deals with alternations of tragedy and comedy. And the bitter, narrow-minded, but alert and wideawake preacher, with an eye equally keen for the touching and the grotesque, has made a selection of incidents so splendid that not even in the pages of Scott are the wild times so graphically represented.

Browning's phrase, "Sour John Knox," embodies a very general impression, but a wrong one. Knox had a keen sense of humour, and loved a bottle of Bordeaux, and must have talked in very entertaining fashion when off duty, so to say, in his Edinburgh lodging. And he who wrote the following account of the taking of Master George Wishart had, in addition to consummate literary skill, a wealth of tenderness in his disposition:

"John Knox pressing to go with him, Master George said: 'Nay, return to your bairns and God bless you. One is sufficient for one sacrifice.' He then caused a two-handed sword, which commonly was carried with him, to be taken from John Knox, who, albeit unwillingly, obeyed and returned with Hugh Douglas. Master George, having to accompany him, the Laird of Ormiston, John Sandilands of Calder, younger, the Laird of Brunestane, and others passed on foot, for it was a vehement frost, to Ormiston. After supper he held a comfortable purpose of the death of God's chosen children, and merrily said, 'Methinks that I desire earnestly to sleep'; and 'Will we sing a Psalm?' So he appointed the fifty-first Psalm. Which being ended he passed to his chamber, and, sooner than his common diet was, passed to bed with these words, 'God grant quiet rest.'"

Wishart had been Knox's spiritual father, and he invariably falls into his gentlest mood when speaking of him. But that knowledge of, and sympathy with, human nature that was the secret of his success as a preacher gave him an instinctive faculty for seizing on the salient memorable word of a situation. His picture of James V. after the disastrous battle of Solway Moss has a piercing quality:

"The certain knowledge of the discomfiture coming to the king's ears, who waited upon news at Lochmaben, he was stricken with a sudden fear and astonishment, so that scarcely could he speak or hold purpose with any man.

The night constrained him to remain where he was; so he yead to bed but rose without rest or quiet sleep. His continual complaint was 'Oh, fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? Oh, fled Oliver?' And these words in his melancholy, and as it were, carried away in a trance, repeated he from time to time, to the very hour of his death.

In the meantime was the Queen upon the point of her delivery in Linlithgow, who was delivered the eighth Day of December, 1542, of Marie that then was born, and now doth reign for a plague to the Realm, as the progress of her whole life up to this day declareth. The certainty that a daughter was born to him coming to his ears, the King turned from such as spake with him and said: 'The Devil go with it. It will end as it began. *It came from a woman, and it will end in a woman.*' After that he spake not many words that were sensible, but ever harped upon this old song, 'Fye fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? All is lost!'"

For the purpose of comparison we copy out the well-known description of the murder of Cardinal Beaton. Mr. W. E. Henley, in his essay on Burns, declares that "it is, as it were, Shakespearean," and that high praise only echoes what many an eminent predecessor felt about as fine a passage of prose as is in English:

"The Cardinal, wakened with the shouts, asked from his window, 'What means that noise?' It was answered that Norman Leslie had taken his castle. Which understood, he ran to the postern; but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-headed sword, and made his chamber-child cast kists and other impediments to the door. In the meantime came John Leslie unto it and bid open.

The Cardinal: 'Who calls?'

Leslie: 'My name is Leslie.'

The Cardinal: 'Is that Norman?'

Leslie: 'Nay, my name is John.'

The Cardinal: 'I will have Norman. He is my friend.'

Leslie: 'Content yourself with such as are here. Other shall ye get none.'

There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout Gentleman. In the meantime, while they force the door, the Cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length, he asked, 'Will ye save my life?'

Leslie: 'It may be that we will.'

The Cardinal: 'Nay. Swear unto me by God's wounds, and I shall open unto you.'

Leslie: 'It that was said is unsaid. Fire! Fire!'

The door was very stark, and so was brought a chymley full of burning coals. Which perceived, the Cardinal, or his chamber-child (it is uncertain), opened the door, and the Cardinal sat down in a chair and cried, 'I am a priest! I am a priest! ye will not slay me!' John Leslie, according to his former vows struck him first, once or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin, a man of nature most gentle and most modest, perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them and said: 'This judgment of God, although it be in secret, ought to be done with greater gravity.' Presenting unto him the point of his sword he said:

'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, especially of the shedding of the blood of that noble instrument of God, Master George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed it before men yet cries it a vengeance upon thee: and we from God are sent to revenge it. Here before my God I protest that neither the hatred of thy person, nor the love of thy

riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and His Holy Evangel.'

So Melvin struck the Cardinal twice or thrice through with a stog sword, and he fell, never word heard out of his mouth but 'I am a priest! I am a priest! Fie, fie! All is gone!'"

Let us try to follow Knox through one great day in his life—that in which he had his fourth interview with the Queen. In the language of the modern athlete he was in his best form, and scored right and left. You get a glimpse of every side of him. He was summoned to the Court because "placeboes and flatterers" had reported his bitter comments on the Queen's proposed marriage with Don Carlos, son of Philip I. of Spain. The Queen in a "vehement fury" tried all the arts of a passionate beautiful woman. She was eloquent in reproaches, and cried so that "scarcely could Marna, her secret chamber-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry, and the howling besides womanly weeping stayed her speech." Little effect was produced on the grim Calvinist, and "the said John did patiently abide all the first fume." When he did speak every word is instinct with force and dignity. He that "neither feart nor flatterit any flesh" seems really to have taken a certain pleasure in rebuking the Queen. "What have you to do with my marriage? or what are you within this Commonwealth?" asks Mary indignantly. "A subject born within the same, Madam," answers Knox, and the reply is well worth the capital letters in which the editor has printed it:

"John Knox stood still, without any alteration of countenance, for a long season, while the Queen gave place to her inordinate passion. In the end he said, 'Madam, in God's presence I speak, I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures. Yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my hand correcteth; much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. But, seeing I have offered to you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain, albeit unwillingly, Your Majesty's tears rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my Commonwealth through my silence.'

The scene lives before one, and it is easy to understand Carlyle's unlimited admiration of this reply. But most curious of all was the sequel. The Queen was angry, and commanded John to pass forth of the Cabinet and abide her pleasure in the Chamber. He stood there as "one whom men have never seen," and

"therefore began he to forge talking with the ladies who were there sitting in all their gorgeous apparel; which espied, he merrily said, 'O fair ladies! How pleasing were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave. Death that will come whether we will or not! And when he hath laid on his arrest the frail worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearl, nor precious stones.' By such means procured he the company of women."

LANDOR'S SCHOOL.

A History of Rugby School. By W. H. D. Rouse. "English Public Schools." (Duckworth & Co.)

A LITTLE while ago we received from Mr. Edward Arnold, and reviewed with much appreciation, a history of Harrow School. It seemed to us a model of what a history of a school should be. It was a book which, while sufficiently interesting to attract ordinary readers, was so informed with the Harrow spirit as to make it a perfect possession for old Harrow boys. The editors were two of the present masters at the school, and they had obtained contributions from the best accessible authorities on the various aspects of Harrow set apart for treatment. With them worked enthusiastically artist and publisher, and the result was an excellent work. Now it seems to us that that is the way a famous school with a history and traditions of its own should be treated: as far as possible exhaustively and finally. And hence we are disappointed with the volume before us. As fine a history of Rugby could be made as of Harrow, yet here we are offered merely a swift monograph. It is true that the work forms one of Messrs. Duckworth's "English Public Schools" series, but that only explains, it does not excuse it. One thorough, comprehensive volume, like the *Harrow School*, is the thing; the multiplication of monographs is idle, not to the point. Our quarrel, we would explain, is with the publisher rather than with the author. Mr. Rouse has made a good book, so far as it goes, but it must, we fear, be done again. Rugby boys, at any rate, deserve a fuller work. Instead of *A History of Rugby School*, this ought to be *The History*.

The flower of Mr. Rouse's volume is the eighth chapter, which tells the story of the headmastership of Thomas James, D.D., 1778-1794, the maker of modern Rugby, and of some of the freaks of one of Rugby's most illustrious sons, Walter Savage Landor. Landor was a boy of whom any head-master might well be both proud and timid; and James and he had many a bout. Mr. Rouse has gone to Forster's *Life* of the poet for certain good stories, which come well in the account of James and his efforts. This of Landor's adventures with his fag, John Reade, the father of Charles Reade, the novelist, has a rich flavour. The narrator is Charles Reade himself, and hence the history loses nothing of dramatic force:

"My father, John Reade, of Ipsden, Oxon, was sent to Rugby at eight years of age. Next day, in the afternoon, a much bigger boy espied him, and said, 'Hy, you new boy, I want you.' It was to carry a casting-net. Young Reade found it rather heavy. Master Landor cast the net several times in a certain water, and caught nothing. Thereupon he blamed his attendant. 'You are the cause of this,' said he. 'I begin to fear you are a boy of ill omen' (sic). He cast again, and drew a blank. 'Decidedly,' said Master Landor, 'you are a boy of ill omen. However,' says he, 'we won't lay it on the Fates till we have tried all mortal means. *Sapiens dominabitur astris.* We must poach a little.' Accordingly he proceeded to a forbidden preserve, . . . cast in the brook,

but caught nothing. 'Reade,' said he, 'this is not to be borne. You are a boy of too ill omen. Now, here is a favourite hole; if I catch nothing in it I shall yield to your evil destiny; but I warn you I shall make you carry the net home, and I shall flick you all the way home with my handkerchief.' Little Reade looked very rueful at that. The net, even when dry, had seemed mortal heavy to him, and he began to calculate how much more it would weigh when wet and dirty. The net was cast—a good circle—drawn steadily to land, and lo! struggling in its meshes, a pike of really unusual size. Master Landor raised a shout of triumph, then instantly remembering his partner, he turned to Master Reade, 'Welcome to Rugby, sir, welcome! You are a boy of excellent omen. I'll carry the net home, and you shall sup off this fish; it is the joint production of my skill and your favourable star.'

Landor was rebellion incarnate. He excelled in all forms of athletics, he was the most brilliant scholar in the school, he fought whomsoever stood in his way, and he cared for no authority. Dr. James once paid a visit to him in his study. Landor knew perfectly well who was there, but replied to the knock, "Get thee hence, Satan!" They had conflicts of wit too. Charles Reade tells the following story:

"One day in full school, Master Landor had an apple of singular size and beauty. He had his Livy in one hand and this apple in the other, and read and read, and munched and munched, till the sound struck the Doctor. He espied the delinquent and ordered him to bring that apple to him. He put it on his desk, *coram populo*; and then, half relenting, said: 'There, sir. Now, if you want that again, you had better go and sit down, and make me a short line on the occasion.' 'Oh, I can do that and stand here,' says Master Landor. 'Do it then.' The boy thought a moment, and soon obliged him with a pentameter—

'Esuriens doctor dulcia poma rapit.'

'Hum!' says Dr. James. 'And pray, sir, what do you mean by E-su-riens doctor?' 'The gormandising doctor.' 'Take it, sir, you are too hard for me, you are too hard for me,' said the Doctor, delighted with his pupil."

And another instance of Landor's readiness is quoted by Mr. Rouse in the story of a petition for a half-holiday. Landor was asked to make the request. He did so in a copy of verses in which he took advantage of the fact that seven boys of the name of Hill were in the school, to compare Rugby with Rome. "Ah!" said James, "I don't ask you who wrote this, for there's only one of you with brains to do it. Half-holiday? Yes." Landor at length overstepped the bounds, and James was compelled to order his dismissal from the school. The boy had always a good conceit of himself, and was piqued that his verses were not appreciated as he held they deserved to be. "Mine were always the best," he said afterwards. Hence, when he was told to copy some of what he considered quite inferior of his verses into the headmaster's album, he added two stanzas, beginning—

"Hæc sunt malorum pessima carminum
Quæ Landor unquam scripsit."

James simply reprimanded him; and Landor, encouraged by the gentleness of the rebuke, became, on the next occasion, positively

scurrilous. He, therefore, had to go. James must have been both pained and relieved to lose him. Landor's closest rival as a scholar of brilliance was Samuel Butler, from whose pen proceeded the inscription in memory of James in Rugby Chapel.

James retired in 1794, after a most successful period, in which he had Etonised and improved the school, partly at his own expense, and made the way far easier for those who were to follow. Henry Ingles succeeded him, then John Wooll, and then Dr. Arnold, in whose time Rugby attained its true position. In James's *Letter of Resignation*—a document of great interest to those who study education—we have hints as to his methods. "I have never governed the Boys," he wrote, "by that secret information which some masters are thought to have derived from their own subjects. It would be a high crime, and even treason, against the Virtue and Honour of the School to induce Boys to be traitors to their Fellows. . . . Secret information from any others I have always thought fair, together with general reports in the case of mischief." And again: "I governed more by principles of justice and what I called among the boys (my only law) the Eternal Rule of Right and Wrong—which is the same from Adam to the present hour, let French politicians say what they will. . . . than by the terrors of the Rod; though I have established that on all becoming occasions." Altogether we must look on James as a wise and capable organiser, and the true father of the school.

For the rest, Mr. Rouse's book is brightly written (with a few unnecessary digressions, as when he goes out of his way to criticise the methods of the *Sporting Times*) and is very readable. Our only regret is that more latitude was not given to the historian to render his work exhaustive and a treasured possession for all Rugby boys, old and new. But that, as we have said before, is less Mr. Rouse's fault than that of the originator of the "Public Schools" series.

A BAD ANTHOLOGY.

Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century.
Edited by Kate A. Wright. "Dainty Poems" Series. (Birmingham: Combridge.)

THAT the practices of the anthologist were in danger of being carried to an undesirable extreme we have long believed. The book before us is bitter proof of it. For here, under the pretentious title, *Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century*, has been collected (with a few exceptions) as sorry a mass of third-rate verse as it has ever been our lot to examine. The volume forms part of the "Dainty Poems" series, and is, the preface informs us, yet another of those books which owe their being to the zealous promptings of the author's friends. Yet even with these two initial disadvantages it might have had some value; for the editor has had ninety-eight years of poetical activity to choose among. But no.

On coming to a list of contributors to such a volume one would—realising what is usually meant by the term "sacred"—expect with some certainty to find a number of honoured names. Among them would, of course, be Christina Rossetti and Robert Browning, Newman and Tennyson. But to expect them in the present case is to have reckoned without Miss Wright's critical peculiarity. Her definition of sacred excellence apparently does not cover the work of such poets as we have mentioned; and she is a dealer in surprises. For a "Dainty Series" the great names are presumably too great, and hence we are offered little ones. The unexpected always happens, and we find that the Sacred Poets of the Nineteenth Century are Nonconformist divines, avowed sceptics, and literary men whose work has hitherto had for us only secular associations. Mr. Le Gallienne, for example, is here, and Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Alfred Austin (with "Is Life Worth Living?"), Oliver Wendell Holmes (with some "Album Verses"), Mr. Elliot Stock, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (who fills twenty pages), Mr. Norman Gale, and (Miss or Mrs.) Delia M. Rorer.

Passing on from contributors to contributions, surprise is again our lot. Indeed, Miss Wright bewilders us at every turn. After accepting her definition of sacredness in the evangelical sense in which she conceives of it, we come suddenly upon Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," which is sheer agnosticism. Such stanzas as the following, from the works of S. T. Badger and Anne S. Bushby, bring the book back into line again, it is true:

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—
Words that will strengthen for earthly strife—
As ages roll on, Empires may fail,
Eternal Truth will ever prevail."

And

"When first the infant's silver voice
Has learnt to utter words by choice;
And, like a cherub from on high,
He looks up to his native sky—
Tell him—'tis good to pray."

But at once all our doubts rush back again in the presence of the hesitating Clough. Thus the collection proceeds: here a hymn, there a fragment of Scripture narrative, here an ordinary copy of verses with a *souçon* of piety, there a touch of absolute pantheism. To come to the surprises. Many persons this summer have laughed over the flippancies of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. This is the author's severer manner:

"So when, with earthward gaze we set our
minds
On flowers beside life's pathway blooming
fair,
Whoever stoops to seize their beauties finds
A shadow there;
But if, with eyes uplifted we are wont
To scan the heavenward stair the angels
trod,
Behind us is the shadow, and in front
The light of God."

Mr. Le Gallienne, it is well known, has put on record the creed of the religious literary man. He wins his place in the present

volume with a poem entitled "The Second Crucifixion," from which this is an extract:

"No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed."

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day."

Subsequently we come to these verses by Mr. Gilbert Parker, of which sacredness is not, to our way of thinking, the most notable quality:

"LITTLE GARAIINE.

Where do the stars grow, little Garaine?
The garden of moons, is it far away?
The orchard of suns, my little Garaine,
Will you take us there some day?

'If you shut your eyes,' quoth little Garaine,
'I will show you the way to go
To the orchard of suns and the garden of
moons
And the field where the stars do grow.

But you must speak soft,' quoth little
Garaine,
'And still must your footsteps be,
For a great bear prowls in the field of the
stars,
And the moons they have men to see.

'And the suns have the Children of Signs to
guard,
And they have no pity at all—
You must not stumble, you must not speak,
When you come to the orchard wall.

'The gates are locked,' quoth little Garaine,
'But the way I am going to tell:
The key of your heart it will open them all
And there's where the darlings dwell!'"

The inclusion of the foregoing piece, and of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Before Sedan," must be accounted for by Miss Wright's desire to have her poems not only sacred, but also dainty.

Mr. Norman Gale is represented by a "Prayer," which runs thus:

"Tend me, my birds, and bring again
The brotherhood of woodland life,
So shall I wear the seasons round,
A friend to need, a foe to strife.

Keep me my heritage of lawn,
And grant me, Father, till I die
The fine sincerity of light
And luxury of open sky.

So, learning always, may I find
My heaven around me everywhere,
And go in hope from this to Thee,
The pupil of Thy country air."

Mr. Elliot Stock's principal poem is another surprise, for it is the history of how the poet did not go to church one Sunday, but sat outside. His thoughts, however, were on the side of the angels; hence his inclusion. On the other hand, that jewel among Mark Twain's infrequent lyrics, "He done his level best," which describes the earnest efforts of an honest soul, has been omitted, although this stanza alone should have commended it to Miss Wright:

"He'd yank a sinner outen hell
And land him with the blest;
Then sling a prayer waltz in again,
And do his level best."

Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" has also been omitted.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

The Meaning of Education. By N. M. Butler.
(New York: The Macmillan Co.)

THE wrath of the scholastic reviewer has long been maintained at white-heat by the unceasing output of superfluous class-books, and it now seems that the former dearth of treatises on the science and art of education is to be succeeded by a glut in this department of literature also. Someone has said that there are three branches of knowledge on which everyone considers himself an infallible oracle—politics, education, and how to poke a fire. This last state of things, therefore, bids fair to be worse than the first, for if schoolmasters who advertise themselves on title-pages are legion, at any rate Nature sets some limit to their number; but "authorities" on education are numerically co-extensive with the population of the globe. A fresh batch of publications—five on mental and moral, two on physical, education—has reached us. The first to be paper-knifed was *The Meaning of Education*, by Mr. N. M. Butler. There is far too much sketchy and nebulous talk in this book. Does Mr. Butler seriously think that commonplace such as the following (pp. 47, 48) is worth printing?

"It is thought that pulsates [why not 'beats'?] in the world's grandest poetry and in the most exquisite art. It is the very soul of the verse of Homer and of Dante, of Shakespeare and of Goethe. It makes the marble of Phidias glow with life, and it guides the hand of Raphael and Michael Angelo [sic: they apparently shared the same hand] as they trace their wondrous figures with the brush."

And so on for half a page. It is wicked waste to squander time, ink, and paper on this sort of thing, and we will not ourselves be guilty of the same reckless prodigality by inflicting on our readers any further specimens of the flat, stale, and unprofitable matter that abounds in Mr. Butler's pages. Yet scattered about among them are many sensible remarks, not perhaps always new, but sometimes newly put, which are equally applicable on both sides of the Atlantic. Theory is naturally ever in advance of practice; the latter is a sluggish beast, and needs every whip, spur, and goad we can bring into play to urge it on. So here we read (pp. 74, 75):

"Physical and physiological considerations demand a hearing when we have under discussion questions of school hours and recesses, of programmes and tasks, of school furniture, of text-books and black-boards, of light, heat, and fresh air. On all of these topics we have recently learnt much that has not yet found its way into our practice. College faculties and school teachers, framers of examination tests, donors of laboratories and dormitories, and, most of all, architects, are as a rule, oblivious to the vital interest that the pupil has in matters of this kind. Considerations of tradition, convenience, cost, and external appearance are allowed full swing, and the growing youth must fit the Procrustean bed as best they can."

Again (p. 77):

"Here and there a secondary schoolmaster, and here and there a college president or professor, takes a genuine and intelligent interest in education for its own sake; but the vast

majority know nothing of it, and are but little affected by it. They are content to accumulate what they are pleased to term 'experience'; but their relation to education is just that of the motor-man on a trolley-car to the science of electricity. They use it; but of its nature, principles, and processes they are profoundly ignorant."

One of the points mentioned in our opening sentences is touched upon on p. 93:

"The recklessness with which the man of letters, sometimes the college president, and now and then even the more canny college professor, will rush into the public discussion of matters of education concerning which he has no knowledge whatever, and to which he has never given a half-hour's connected thought, is appalling. . . . The popular journals and the printed proceedings of educational associations teem with perfectly preposterous contributions bearing the signatures of worthy and distinguished men who would not dream of writing dogmatically upon a physical, a biological, or a linguistic problem. For some recondite reason they face the equally difficult and unfamiliar problems of education without a tremor."

The jobbery and corruption of American politics are ascribed to a lack of education on the part of those engaged in public business, which disgusts the cultivated classes and so causes them to hold aloof from participation in the direction of affairs. With what increasing closeness this applies to our own country as well we all know. From the later chapters we hoped to get some insight into the weird and inscrutable mysteries of American "universities" and "colleges"; but in the end we are still in doubt as to whether there exist in the United States 134 "universities," or none at all. The "college" is, as the author admits, *tantum sui similis*. There are 481 of these indescribable institutions, "no two alike," and not one of which appears to be a college at all in the literal and original sense of the word. The Yankee schools, however, are ahead of us in one respect: "A summer vacation of fifteen or even sixteen weeks is by no means a curiosity. It is the teacher who needs this vacation more than the pupil" (p. 158). The Emigration Society may add this lure to its list of Transatlantic attractions.

Great Educators: Rousseau. By Thomas Davidson, M.A., LL.D. (Heinemann.)

THIS is an important book. At first sight it may seem doubtful to some whether Jean Jacques Rousseau, that emotional visionary and strange compound of genius and degradation, has any claim to be regarded as a great educator. But Mr. Davidson has justified his inclusion in the series to which this volume belongs. Rousseau, he writes,

"may fairly be called the father of modern pedagogy, even despite the fact that most of his positive teachings have had to be rejected. Comenius, Locke, and others had, indeed, done good work before him; but it was he that first, with his fiery rhetoric, made the subject of education a burning question, and rendered clear its connexion with all human welfare."

Rousseau, who may have taken his cue from Montaigne, was, as all the world knows, the apostle of negative education; and his *Émile*, in which the learner is put

to school to Nature, appeared about the time when the Jesuits, whose subtly woven and sternly repressive system of instruction had held the field for two hundred years, were expelled from France. "Everything is well as it comes from the hands of the Author of things: everything degenerates in the hands of man." Our object must, therefore, be to restore the primeval innocence and simplicity of the gentle anthropoid. "Nature exerts resistance, but never authority. Hence all authority must be excluded from methods of education." The fallacy is obvious: resistance, when insuperable, as much of Nature's resistance is, becomes tantamount to authority. Again, habit is "abhorrent to Nature." "The only habit which the child should be allowed to contract is the habit of contracting none." This is equally fallacious, since in habitual or automatic action there is clearly an economy of energy. Pushed to its logical conclusion, too, the dictum becomes ridiculous. Consistency would demand that we should insist on our pupils occasionally seeing with their feet and eating with their ears, lest they might become wedded to the stereotyped modes of procedure generally in vogue. The aim of Rousseauian "education" is to substitute for the organised will and intellectual calculation of civilised man the impulse and caprice of the savage. There is just the doubt that Rousseau wrote his *Emile*, as Mr. Davidson puts it:

"merely to maintain a thesis which he did not believe, but wished to see discussed, and threw it down as a gauntlet to challenge a world which had lost all real interest in education, and compel it to defend, if it could, its own practice. Whether so intended or not, this has certainly been the effect of the book. It has made men attempt to defend existing systems of education, and, finding that they could not, resolve and endeavour to discover better ones. And better ones have been discovered."

Mr. Davidson's book, however, is so uniformly good that it defies sampling by way of quotation. We can only advise our readers to add it to their libraries; and there are few that need hesitate to do so on the score of limit of interest. It is very far from appealing merely to the circle of educationists. The influence of Rousseau, if in some ways indirect rather than direct, has been considerably wider and deeper in many departments of human effort and aspiration than is commonly recognised. It has affected opinion and practice in politics and economics, in literature and art, in philosophy and religion, no less than in education; and here, in succinct form, will be found a masterly exposition and criticism of some of the most striking and typical views of one who, however repellant his temperament and personality may be to the English mind, was nevertheless a great thinker, many of whose thoughts have borne better fruit than they seemed to promise.

Port Royal Education. By Félix Cadet. Translated by A. D. Jones. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

PORT ROYAL, the famous Cistercian Abbey near Versailles, was long a resort, under Papal sanction, of lay persons who wished

for a retreat from the world unattended with the obligation of taking vows. In 1626 a daughter-house was founded in Paris, known as Port Royal de Paris. A few years later the community fell under the influence of Duvergier de Hauranne, Abbé of St. Cyran. Duvergier was a Jansenist and leader of the movement in France against the Society of Jesus, and the mother-house—then for distinction spoken of as Port Royal des Champs—was converted at his instance into an educational seminary. The Petites Écoles which grew from this beginning became celebrated, and from 1646 onwards for some fifteen years were much frequented. "If," says M. Cadet in his introduction, "they lasted but a short time, they shed a brilliant light, and exercised, as much by the character and talents of the masters as by the reform in methods of teaching and the books which they produced, a considerable influence, which on certain points is still active." As centres of Jansenist teaching, however, they came into collision with the Jesuits, and this on twofold grounds—immediately as attacking orthodoxy, and indirectly as threatening the educational supremacy then held by that order. Furthermore, they were suspected at court of mixing in political intrigues. The struggle was short, with Pope, King, and Jesuit fathers all arrayed in hostile alliance against them. It was in vain that Pascal issued his *Provincial Letters* in their defence; in vain even that a miraculous cure was effected by a Port Royal relic—a fragment of the Crown of Thorns. The latter prodigy indeed secured a short respite, but in 1661 the Petites Écoles were dissolved. Among the most distinguished teachers of Port Royal were Pierre Nicole, Th. Guyot, and Claude Lancelot, whose *Jardin des racines grecques* was used in French schools as recently as 1863; among its most famous pupils were Tillemont and Racine; while the great Antoine Arnauld composed some of its text-books. Mr. Jones has done well to give us an English version of M. Cadet's book; and if it is on the whole rather tough reading, that is perhaps not the fault of the translator. Still, while the volume contains much that is instructive, dispersed about its pages is not a little that is entertaining. It will be found useful to compare it with Mr. Woodward's *Vittorino da Feltre*, which we had the pleasure of noticing some twelve months back.

English National Education, by H. Holman, M.A. (Blackie), is an excellent historical summary of the growth of the elementary school system, and, except for the spasmodic suffering caused by occasional vulgarisms and inaccuracies of style, is surprisingly good reading. The author is, perhaps, rather violently afflicted with the psychology craze, but in most other respects he appears to be entirely sane. Not the least striking feature in his book is the conclusive manner in which he shows that all along the chief obstacle to the development of a national scheme of primary education has been religious bigotry and sectarian jealousies:

"Never [he writes] have those directly and personally concerned had any religious difficulty

with regard to the schools, except in the sense that they objected to having other people's religious views forced upon their own children. Not the religious rights of the people, but the supposed rights of the clergy over the people's religious training, have constituted the bone of contention. Parents, as a whole, have been prepared to look after their children's religious affairs in their own way, but parsons have always wanted to look after them vicariously. The clergy have, doubtless with the best intentions, been the great barrier to thorough and general progress. Under the plea of saving the souls of the children, they have sacrificed their minds and bodies. . . . One by one the great fundamental principles of a national system of schools have been ['are being,' so far as the secondary schools are concerned, for they are still more or less under the clerical domination] slowly and painfully rescued from the bottomless pit of sectarian envy and jealousy."

The ruling is a severe one, but no open-minded man will challenge its justice.

Complete Perspective Course, by J. Humphrey Spanton (Macmillan), forms a very useful sequel to Mr. Spanton's well-known *Geometrical Course*. It is designed to meet the requirements of examination students, but will also be of assistance to architects, engineers, and artists. Beginning in the most elementary manner with the definitions of terms, the student is led by thoughtfully arranged steps to the study of sciography, or the projection of shadows. The chapters on the application of perspective to nature, and the hints to artists, photographers, and others, should be of especial value.

Boyhood, by Ennis Richmond (Longmans), is a quaint, old-time production, lavishly decorated with the mystical allusions and devout formulas of bygone ages, which at first we took in a jocular vein, laughing heartily on trust, in the hope of arriving by-and-by at the solution of the riddle. But in course of time we were compelled to adopt the ungrateful conclusion that it was no joke, but terrible earnest. This "glorified nonsense," to use the writer's own phrase, would nowadays even be hooted out of the pulpit of a village Zion. When we say that the author tells us that association with boys has forced her to the conviction of the existence of a personal devil, we need say no more.

The list closes with two books on Physical Training: *Physical Education*, by D. Lennox, M.D., and A. Sturrock (Blackwood); and *Girls' Physical Training*, by Alice R. James (Macmillan). To the former is appended a number of musical compositions by H. E. Loseby, which are probably well adapted to the purpose. Both volumes are plentifully furnished with illustrations, without which indeed the texts would be more or less unintelligible. The generous proportions of middle age have not permitted of our personally testing the advantages of every one of the thousand postures described; but doubtless all are useful, if some are scarcely ornamental. The education of the class-room is always with us, and in the best interests of the race we welcome any steps in the direction of the better organisation of bodily training.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

RODEN'S CORNER.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

This is the spirited story which has been running as serial in *Harper's Magazine*. A description of the hero: "This man was tall, square-shouldered, loose of limb. He had smooth dark hair, and carried his head thrown rather back from the neck. His eyes were dark, and the fact that a considerable line of white was visible beneath the pupil imparted to his whole being an air of physical delicacy suggestive of a constant feeling of fatigue." The scene of the story is Holland, and "Corner" is used in its Stock Exchange sense. Briefly, it is a drama of capital. (Smith & Elder. 343 pp. 6s.)

JOHN SPLENDID.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

A first novel by the author of *The Lost Pibroch*. That volume of short stories of the Gael, studied and realised from the life, was so packed with promise that *John Splendid* has been looked for with something like impatience. *John Splendid*, which is the Gaelic order of saying "Splendid John," is a natural cousin of the famous Marquis of Argyll, the antagonist of the great Marquis of Montrose, and the narrative covers that winter descent of Montrose on the Campbell country which culminated in the battle of Inverlochy, in the February of 1645. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 363 pp. 6s.)

FROM THE EAST UNTO THE WEST.

BY JANE BARLOW.

Another volume of short Irish stories by the author of *Irish Idylls*. Here are titles: "The Mockers of the Shallow Waters," "A Caprice of Queen Pippa," "The Field of the Frightful Beasts," "Moggy Goggin," "Cocky," "Some Jokes of Timothy," "Pilgrims from Lisconnell." (Methuen & Co. 342 pp. 6s.)

AN ENEMY TO THE KING.

BY R. N. STEPHENS.

"From the recently discovered memoirs of the Sieur de la Tournoire." Some are getting a little tired of books that begin: "It was early in January, in the year 1578, that I first set out for Paris"; but for those that are not this looks promising. Chapter headings include: "Two Encounters by Night," "How la Tournoire Escaped from Paris," "A Sweet Lady in Distress," "The Ride towards Guienne," "The Four Rascals." (Methuen & Co. 459 pp. 6s.)

A TRAGEDY IN MARBLE.

BY ADAM LILBURN.

A novel, by the author of *The Borderer*, of art life, dedicated "To some artists I know." The kind of book in which men talk in studios, removing their pipes, or lighting their pipes, or laying their pipes aside, as they do so. "Artists are horribly one-idea'd," says one character. "Those beastly indifferent fellows are unnatural," says another. The hero is Thornhill, a sculptor, and the tragedy is based upon a woman, or rather women. (Chatto & Windus. 251 pp. 3s. 6d.)

UNDER THE ROWAN TREE.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A collection of stories by the author of *A Fellow of Trinity*. Here we lose undergraduates for a while. Among the titles are these: "The Gael Chaplain," "The Hammer of Sorrow," "Sally in our Alley," "The Luey-Ann," "A Crying Shame." (Digby & Long. 256 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HERO AND HEROINE.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE.

Readers of the *Boy's Own Paper* know Mr. Hope for an entertaining writer of school life. He returns to the subject again here. "The story of a first year at school" is the sub-title. We dip at random: "'It's bad form making puns on a man's name, and it isn't funny,' said Mr. Batt stiffly." "'He'll be more of a brute than ever, now that he's a prefect,' remarked another. 'They say he

has laid in a hundredweight of canes already.' 'Just like my luck to be fag to such a cad!' grumbled Weatherley. 'Never mind; I shall have chances to get at his canes and split them.'" (A. & C. Black. 352 pp. 5s.)

THAT HEADSTRONG BOY.

BY EDWARD KENT

It begins like this: "'Please let go my hand, Mr. Radley.' 'First tell me, now, if you don't think it would look all the better for a nice diamond ring?' 'I decline to answer that or any other question until you have released me.' 'Well, there; now tell me, Marian.' 'It is my intention not to wear a ring of any kind, and I prefer to be called Miss Lacey.'" She never became Mrs. Radley, but she took the ring eventually as Mrs. Moriarty. A romance of trivial life. (The Leadenhall Press. 266 pp. 6s.)

A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN.

BY E. P. TRAIN.

There are two stories here: "A Social Highwayman" and "A Professional Beauty." Both are American, and deal with fast people. The former is told by a valet, whom we meet first as he is being removed from the dock with a year's sentence. His whole tale is of theft and fraud by a fascinating type of scamp. The second story is told by the beauty herself, and is a satire on match-making. The book is illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Co. 352 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE OF "THE POLLY."

BY THE LATE S. WHITCHURCH SADLER, R.N.

Four yarns badly reprinted from the *Boy's Own Paper*. This is the kind of thing: "Then I found I was not the only stowaway. Troops of big rats came out and began to practise gymnastic exercises, the favourite feat, as far as I could make out in the darkness, being for several in succession to see if they could spring over my head without alighting on my face." (S.P.C.K. 320 pp.)

A PRINCE OF EDOM.

BY JAMES BALLINGAL, B.D.

"The period which this tale is designed to illustrate," says the author, "though by sidelights rather than directly, is that of the Israelite kings David and Solomon." It does not profess to be quite accurate, he adds, but gives a broadly truthful expression. He will be rewarded if thereby the interest of young people is quickened in Old Testament history. An odd ambition for a writer of fiction! (Alex. Gardner. 250 pp.)

REVIEWS.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis.
(Heinemann.)

MR. HARDING DAVIS'S new story is very slight, but it has charm. It is more than anything else a character-sketch of the King of Messina, an attractive, if somewhat ready-made rascal. This monarch, being expelled from his country by a revolution, is very happy to be leading the larger life among professional beauties and gaming tables; but occasionally needing money, he affects patriotism enough to persuade some of his followers that the recovery of the throne is the wish of his heart. Mr. Davis has chosen the moment when one of these attempts is in progress. A young American heiress has been found eager to capitalise any scheme for the ultimate rebuilding of the churches of Messina, and the restoration of the people's religion. The King, working upon her Roman Catholic sympathies, has planned an expedition, but has planned also that it shall fail, this failure casting no discredit upon himself, and involving a bribe from the ruling Republic which shall practically double the sum promised by the fair American. All that is needed is a good catspaw, and in the King's Jackal, Prince Kalonay, this catspaw is, the King believes, found. Kalonay is a handsome young Italian, picturesque and lovable, with no vice, but want of will power; but in the end he shows grit in

plenty, and turns the tables on the King with spirit. This is the speech which marks the division in his life between the *flâneur* and the man:

"For many years, your Majesty," the Prince said, but so solemnly that it was as though he were a judge upon the bench, or a priest speaking across an open grave, "the Princes of my house have served the Kings of yours. In times of war they fought for the King in battle, they begged themselves for him in times of peace; our women sold their jewels for the King, our men gave him their lives, and in all of these centuries the story of their loyalty, of their devotion, has had but one sequel, and has met with one reward—ingratitude and selfishness and treachery. You know how I have served you, Louis. You know that I gave up my fortune and my home to go into exile with you, and I did that gladly. But I did more than that. I did more than any king or any man has the right to expect of any other man. I served your idle purposes so well that you yourself called me your Jackal, the only title your Majesty ever bestowed that was deserved. There is no low thing, nor no base thing that I have not done for you. To serve your pleasures, to gain your money, I have sunk so low that all the royal blood in Europe could not make me clean. But there is a limit to what a man may do for his King, and to the loyalty a King may have the right to demand. And to-day and here, with me, the story of our devotion to your house ends, and you go your way and I go mine, and the last of my race breaks his sword and throws it at your feet, and is done with you and yours for ever."

The story, as we have said, is very slight, with little of that vigour for which Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* was noteworthy. And yet it is extremely well conceived and arranged, and suggests on every page that Mr. Davis will not have tested his powers to the full until he takes to writing for the stage. Only a man richly endowed with the dramatic instinct could have written *The King's Jackal*.

In conclusion, a word as to the cover. We should judge it to be the design of Mr. Nicholson, who has done so much to make Mr. Heinemann's books attractive to the roving eye. But why should this gentleman's art ignore the possessive case? Both on the side and on the back Mr. Davis's title figures as "*The King's Jackal*." Is the apostrophe entirely out of keeping with the Nicholsonian scheme of lettering? "*The King's Jackal*" means nothing.

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The Making of a Saint. By William Somerset Maugham.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Liza of Lambeth, Mr. Maugham's book of last year, was welcomed in certain quarters as a work of promise. A measure of fulfilment we had expected to meet with in this book, but we do not find it. The scene is no longer south-the-river, the time no longer the present century; but in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century, amid the intrigues of the town of Forlì, wherein the man who afterwards became Fra Giuliano played his truculent part. We seem to discern in the persons of the play an incredible kinship to the Bills and Dicks who swear the cockney oaths and brag the easy amours of the cockney slum. It may be granted that the ladies of the age and country of which Mr. Maugham writes were no models of conjugal fidelity, but we really cannot approve of Mr. Maugham's treatment of the voluptuous Claudia. Giulia is more complex and more human.

"But what good can it do you to have all these people in love with you?"

"I don't know," she said; "it is a pleasant sensation."

"What a child you are!" I answered, laughing.

She bent forward seriously.

"But are you not in love with me?"

I shook my head. She came close up to me, so that her hair brushed lightly against my cheek; it sent a shiver through me. I looked at her pink ear; it was beautifully shaped, transparent as a pink shell. Unconsciously, quite without intention, I kissed it. She pretended to take no notice, and I was full of confusion. I felt myself blushing furiously.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked gravely.

We do not rate Fra Giuliano's humour high. Let us hope that Mr. Maugham does not either. Neither to have told a lad whose clothes had been pressed into the service of a lady that our first parents wore fig-leaves, and that in case of his being "run in" his gaoler's daughter must find him irresistible, nor even the crowning jest of offering him Giulia's doffed raiment, seems to us to justify a

man in "leaning against a wall and laughing till his sides ache." As to the civic tragedy with which these facetiae are interwoven, we look back on it with heroic composure. No, it really is not a good book.

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The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford.
(Constable.)

THE merit of this book lies in the account of the relations of the scholar and writer, Donald Maitland, with the ignorant and moneyed newspaper proprietor, Whitely. To pay a debt of honour Maitland sells himself to the man, writes his leaders, and lets Whitely take the credit of these as well as of a sociological work of great research. All this is very well done, if not very new. But for the sentimental part of the story we cannot say much. Maitland's lengthy analysis of his apparently hopeless love for Maizie Walton is tedious and also morbid, in a fashion that is now out of date. The happy ending is quite out of keeping with the general tone of what has gone before, and the misunderstanding which forms the hub of the plot is really too irritating. It is purely a novelist's convention, and in real life no two people of even ordinary intelligence could possibly have behaved as Donald and Maizie are made to do. Mr. Ford has an amazing effrontery in working in what his compatriots—did we say the book was American?—are apt to call chestnuts. There is the dear old definition of a sufficient income as "a little more than one has," and there is the hapless young lady of whom it is said that her eyes are "not exactly loud, but perhaps a little too dressy for the morning." The following story is not new either, but it is so good that we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it. Mr. Whitely is boasting of his literary fame in the presence of his "ghost" and a man who has seen through the transaction:

"But my reputation as a writer is greater than Dr. —," began Mr. Whitely; but a laugh from Mr. Blodgett made him halt.

"Oh, come, now, Whitely!"

"What's the matter?" asked my employer.

"Once St. Peter and St. Paul stopped at a tavern to quench their thirst," said Mr. Blodgett, "and when the time came to pay they tossed dice for it. Paul threw double sixes, and smiled. Peter smiled back, and threw double sevens. What do you suppose Paul said, Whitely?"

"What?"

"Oh Peter, Peter! No miracles between friends."

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The Monks of the Holy Tear. By Lucas Cleeve.
(F. V. White & Co.)

To the monastery of St. Lazarus went Renaud Marquis of Villermont in fulfilment of his mother's vow that her younger son should be devoted to the Church. Before he went he left his heart with his Huguenot neighbour, the Countess Hildegard Eberstein. She followed him in the guise of a novice, and was herself followed by her cousin, the Count Maurice, who loved her also. The monastery contained, besides the tear which Our Lord shed over Lazarus's grave, the papers relating to his restoration to life, duly attested by the Twelve Apostles. These papers were coveted by the Huguenots, who believed that they were "the true original Gospels, unaltered and unrevised by Rome." So the Pope gave orders that they should be destroyed, and the lot fell upon de Villermont. Hildegard determines to save at least the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and meets her monkish lover in the chapel.

"And in the darkness she threw herself upon his breast, and his lips met hers, and heaven and hell and monks' vows and holy writ seemed all as naught, so that he could be with her for ever; and then they struck a light and locked the chapel door, and sat down hand in hand to tell why each was there."

How Hildegard saves the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and de Villermont is imprisoned at Rome, and escapes by the aid of Count Maurice, only to fall a victim to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and how Hildegard is eventually consoled for all her miseries and misfortunes—all this may be read by anyone who is not deterred by the somewhat laboured manner in which "Lucas Cleeve" has chosen to tell this sixteenth-century story, the matter of which is interesting enough. The archaic style is at the best a little wearisome, and it is very difficult to maintain, as when we are told that somebody married somebody else "for financial motives."

Stephen Brent. By Philip Lafargue.
(Constable.)

THERE is some good stuff in *Stephen Brent*: bits of humour and of wit, of philosophy and pretty writing. One feels that Mr. Lafargue has ideas, and, moreover, certain capacities for expressing them. Nevertheless, as a novel the thing cannot be called a success. It bears the stamp of the incorrigible amateur. It is much too long. Nobody has really the right to impose upon his readers two stout volumes each containing some two hundred and fifty closely packed pages. Nobody can really have so much as all this to say at once. Certainly Mr. Lafargue has not. An attenuated rivulet of story runs through fertile meadows of comment and description and of all kinds of irrelevancies. Analysed, the theme will hardly bear the vast superstructure reared upon it. Stephen Brent, a clever young physician, has an ambition to cure mankind. He develops a science of "eugenics," and preaches the marriage of the physically fit. He is even foolish enough to carry his theories into practice. He leaves the woman whom he loves and who loves him because of some supposed taint in her family, and marries a healthy animal only to find that the bond of physical suitability is hardly adequate to make marriage a success. In fact, he fritters his life away and hardly succeeds in holding one's interest or sympathies. If Mr. Lafargue would prune away some of his superfluous disquisitions and would study the elementary laws of construction in fiction, he would probably avoid his present waste of not inconsiderable talents.

Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker.
(Methuen.)

THE time has come when to say that Mrs. Croker has written another book is to say all that anybody needs to know about the matter. That is to say, she is already a writer with a recognisable method and manner; she is no longer likely to improve away her faults, which are concerned with details of style and the like, concerning which that portion of the public which takes its literary recreation in a spirit of uncritical geniality does not permit itself to be perplexed; and her qualities have reached a plane upon which they may be expected to pace at ease till the spring's end of next century.

Peggy, beloved of two, marries the wrong one, who humiliates her and, after so many months of mingled bliss, dismisses her with the curt explanation that his name is claimed by another lady. In order that she may not find herself behind the times, she takes a post in a shop. An old lady out of the machine comes to the rescue, and a happy marriage with the other lover, whose merits she had overlooked, crowns the heroine's career. The slight tale is told straightforwardly, and the sketches of Dublin society abound in the kind of genial humour that Mrs. Croker's readers love.

The God Horus. By John Frederick Rowbotham, M.A. Oxon.
(Oxford: A. Robinson.)

THE full title is *The God Horus: a Novel: the Most Powerful and Terrible Tale of the Century*; and it is the worst published book we have ever seen. The printing—done in Budapest—is iniquitous, the paper vile, and the binding execrable. The story tells how an Egyptian undertaker masqueraded as a god.

The author's style is neither powerful nor (except now and then) terrible, but mediocre.

THE GHOST OF R. L. S.

LAST week we referred to the daily signed articles which Mr. David Christie Murray is writing for the *London Morning*. In the issue for last Saturday, under a heading "The Unseen World," Mr. Murray makes the following strange statement:

"Four years ago, within a week or two I was travelling eastward on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and I broke my

journey at night at Revelstoke. For a good many days I had had the theme of a poem in my mind, and I occupied the hours of darkness as we wound in and out among the fastnesses of the great silent hills in fitting a rhymed expression to my thought. From time to time I left the outer platform of the car, and by the electric light within pencilled a verse or two, and by the time the stopping-place was reached the poem was fairly completed. I called it 'The Chalice,' and it appeared months later in the *Speaker*, and later still found a place in the pages of a volume of *Tales in Prose and Verse*, which was published, I fancy, early in the present year. One verse of the poem eluded me altogether. I could not secure for it the expression I desired, and when I retired to my gaunt room in the weather-board hotel, I was still haunted by the inefficiency of its expression. Now, for the proper understanding of the singular event which happened, you must know that I had been very much affected by the early and mournful death of Robert Louis Stevenson. I had never met him, but he had been good enough to write to me expressing a warm affection for my work, and this, from a man whom I reckoned so much my master, moved me a good deal. When the Stevenson Memorial meeting was held at Carnegie Hall, in New York, I was elected to be principal speaker, and in short, my mind had been full of the man and of the memory of his work. When I went to bed and put out my candle he was miles away from my thoughts, and I was wrapped in the contemplation of the one stubborn verse in my poem. On a sudden, as I lay with my face to the wall, I was aware, in some strange way, of a figure behind me. I saw nothing and heard nothing, but the impression was entirely clear. The figure advanced with a certain willowy grace—it was as distinct to me as if I had seen it—reached the chair at the bedside, seemed to remove the shallow candlestick from chair to table, and to sit down. Then the face became visible—to my imagination alone—and I recognised it as that of Robert Louis Stevenson. When you know a face from photography only, it is not easy for the imagination to set its features in motion, but here they sparkled with a bright and affectionate animation. 'Now, I'll tell you what I should do with that verse if I were writing it.' There was no sound, and yet the words were in my mind as clearly as if a voice had spoken them, and not only that—they had a certain characteristic tone, an individuality, not to be defined, but real. And then, without the faintest conscious effort of my own, came this verse:

'With looks like any devil's grin,
He poured the brewage till it ran
With fetid horror at the brim,
"Now drink," he gibed, "and play the man."
He reached the chalice forth: it stank
That my soul failed me, and I drank.'

Now, whether that bears anything of Stevenson's hall-mark or no, I cannot tell. [It does not.] But the thing happened, and whether it were a fact or a fancy in its inward essential, it is a fact from the historical point of view. The mind can play strange tricks upon itself, as my own experience most abundantly proves, but if this were one of them it is the strangest I have known. If I am asked for a profession of faith I have none to offer. I have not dared to reject belief entirely, and I have never dared to give it undisputed house room. I am content to offer the story as a contribution to a theme in which many thoughtful minds are interested."

A LETTER OF CARLYLE.

THE following letter from Thomas Carlyle to his sister Janet, written after hearing of her engagement to Robert Hanning, is taken from the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, wherein may be found the first instalment of a long series of such letters, edited by Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland:

"5, Cheyne-row, Chelsea, London,
16th May, 1836.

"MY DEAR JENNY,—Your letter has been here several weeks, a very welcome messenger to us, and I did not think at the time I should have been so long in answering it. But I have been drawn hither and thither by many things of late; besides, I judged that Robert and you were happy enough of yourselves for the present, and did not much need any foreign aid or interruption. I need not assure you, my dear little Jenny, of the interest I took in the great enterprise you had embarked on; of my

wishes and prayers that it might prove for the good of both. On the whole, I can say that, to my judgment, it looks all very fair and well. You know I have all along regarded Hanning as an uncommonly brisk, glegg little fellow since the first time I saw him (hardly longer than my leg, then), and prophesied handsome things of him in the world. It is very rare and very fortunate when two parties that have affected each other from childhood upwards get together in indissoluble partnership at last. May it prove well for you, as I think it will. You must take the good and the ill in faithful mutual help, and, whoever or whatever fail you, never fail one another. I have no doubt Robert will shift his way with all dexterity and prudence thro' that Cotton Babylon, looking sharp about him; knowing always, too, that 'honesty is the best policy' for all manner of men. Do thou faithfully second him, my bairn: that will be the best of lots for thee.

I think it possible that now and then, especially when you are left alone, the look of so many foreign things may seem dispiriting to you, and the huge smoke and stour of that tumultuous Manchester (which is not unlike the uglier parts of Lon-lon) produce quite other than a pleasant impression. But take courage, my woman, 'you will use, you will use,' and get hefted to the place, as all creatures do. There are many good people in that vast weaving-shop, many good things among the innumerable bad. Keep snug within your own doors, keep your own hearth snug; by and by you will see what is worth venturing out for. Have nothing to do with the foolish, with the vain and ill-conducted. Attach yourself to the well-living and sensible, to everyone from whom you find there is real benefit derivable. Thus, by degrees a desirable little circle will form itself around you; you will feel that Manchester is a home, as all places under the heavenly sun here may become for one.

In a newspaper you would notice that the Doctor was come. Till this day, almost, there was little else to be said about him than that he was here and well. He has been speculating and enquiring as to what he should do, and now has determined that London practice will not do for the present; that he should go back with his Lady and try again to get practice there. He is gone out for this moment to make a bargain to that effect. They are to set out for Rome again on the first of September; from that till the first of March the Doctor is Lady Clare's doctor, but lives in his own lodging at Rome; after that he is free to do whatsoever he will: to stay there, if they seem inviting; to return home, if otherwise. I believe, myself, that he has decided wisely. Till September, then, we have him amongst us. He talks of being 'off in a week or two' for Scotland; he charged me to say that he would see Manchester, and you, either as he went or as he returned. It is not much out of the way, if one go by Carlisle (or rather, I suppose, it is directly in the way), or even if one go by Liverpool, but I rather think he will make for Newcastle this time; to which place we have a steamboat direct. This is a good season for steamboats, and a bad one for coaches; for with latter, indeed, what good season is there? Nothing in the world is frightfuller to me of the travelling rout, than a coach on a long journey. It is easier by half to walk it with peas (at least boiled peas) in your shoes, were not the time so much shorter. The Doctor looks very well and sonsy; he seems in good health and well to live; the only change is that his head is getting a shade of grey (quite ahead of mine, though I am six years older), which does not mis-seem him, but looks very well.

We had a long speculation about going to Scotland, too, but I doubt we must renounce it. This summer I have finished my second volume, but there is still the third to do, and I must have such a tussle with it! All summer I will struggle and wrestle, but then about the time of the gathering in of sheaves I too shall be gathering in. Jane has gone out to "buy a cotton gown," for the weather is, at last, beautiful and warm. Before going she bade me send you both her best wishes and regards, prayers for a happy pilgrimage together. She has been but poorly for a good while (indeed, all the world is sick with these east winds and perpetual changes), but will probably be better now.

Jack and I, too, have both had our colds. Then Anne Cook fell sick, almost dangerously sick for the time; but Jack was there and gave abundant medical help; so the poor creature is on her feet again, and a great trouble of confusion is rolled out of doors thereby.

I am writing to our Mother this day. I have heard nothing from that quarter since the letter that informed me the poor little child was dead. Jean wrote part of it herself, and seemed in a very composed state, keeping her natural sorrow courageously down. Our Mother, I believe, continues there till Jean be ill again, and we hope happily well. Whether there be a frank procurable to-day I know not, but I will try. At worst I will not wait, lest you grow impatient again and get short. If you knew what a fizz I am kept in with one thing and another! Write to me when you have time to fill a sheet,—news, descriptions of how you get on, what you suffer and enjoy, what you do: these are the best. I will answer. Send an old newspaper from time to time, with two strokes on it, if you are well. Promise, however, to write instantly if you are ill. Then shall we know to keep ourselves in peace.

Farewell, dear little Sister. Give our love to our new Brother. Tell him to walk wisely and be a credit to your choice. God be with you both.

T. CARLYLE."

AMERICA'S "NATIONAL POET."

MR. BLISS CARMAN, the Canadian poet, contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* an enthusiastic appreciation of his brother Transatlantic author, Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the writer of homely and pathetic verses for grown-up readers and for children in the Hoosier dialect. We quote a passage here and there:

"It is because of this quality of abundant good nature, familiar, serene, homely, that it seems to me no exaggeration to call Mr. Riley the typical American poet of the day. True, he does not represent the cultivated and academic classes; he reflects nothing of modern thought; but in his unruffled temper and dry humour, occasionally flippant on the surface, but never facetious at heart, he might stand very well for the normal American character in his view of life and his palpable enjoyment of it. Most foreign critics are on the lookout for the appearance of something novel and unconventional from America, forgetting that the laws of art do not change with longitude. They seize now on this writer, now on that, as the eminent product of democracy. But there is nothing unconventional about Mr. Riley. 'He is like folks,' as an old New England farmer said of Whittier. And if the typical poet of democracy in America is to be the man who most nearly represents average humanity throughout the length and breadth of this country, who most completely expresses its humour, its sympathy, its intelligence, its culture, and its common sense, and yet is not without a touch of original genius sufficient to stamp his utterances, then Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has a just claim to that title. . . .

He is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet, with the purpose of the imaginative realist, depending upon common sights and sounds for his inspirations, and engrossed with the significance of facts. Like Mr. Kipling, whose idea of perpetual bliss is a heaven where every artist shall 'draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are,' Mr. Riley exclaims:

'Tell of the things jest like they wuz—
They don't need no excuse!
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,
Till they're all too fine fer use!'

And again, in his lines on 'A Southern Singer':

'Sing us back home, from there to here:
Grant your high grace and wit, but we
Most honour your simplicity.'

In the proem to the volume, *Poems Here at Home*, there occurs a similar invocation, and a test of excellence is proposed which may well be taken as the gist of his own artistic purpose:

'The Poems here at Home! Who'll write 'em down,
Jes' as they air—in Country and in Town?—
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,
Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains!
Who'll "voice" 'em? as I heerd a feller say
'At speechified on Freedom, t'other day,
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,
She wasn't bigger'n a bumble-bee!

What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores!
Putt weeds in—pizenvines, and underbresh,
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like!—and groun'-squir'ls—yes, and "We,"
As sayin' is,—“We, Us, and Company.”'

Other writers are as familiar as he, and many as truly inspired; but none combines to such a degree the homespun phrase with the lyric feeling. His only compeer in this regard is Lowell, in the brilliant *Biglow Papers* and several other less known but not less admirable Chaucerian sketches of New England country life. Indeed, in humour, in native eloquence, in vivacity, Mr. Riley closely resembles Lowell, though differing from that bookman in his training and inclination, and naturally, as a consequence, in his range and treatment of subjects. But the tide of humanity, so strong in Lowell, is at flood, too, in the Hoosier poet. It is this humane character, preserving all the rugged sweetness in the elemental type of man, which can save us at last as a people from the ravaging taint of charlatanism, frivolity, and greed."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. BUSCH'S reminiscences of Bismarck (in three volumes, with an aggregate of 1,455 pages), which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued, have followed the death of the Prince with haste indeed. It is true that Bismarck said: "Once I am dead, you can tell everything you like, absolutely everything you know"; but that did not necessarily mean, "Immediately I am dead." Dr. Busch, however, adds that, on another occasion, he said something of the speed with which he meant to attack the memoirs, and received no discouragement from the great man. Hence the volumes before us, which will be reviewed in due course. The publishers' note states: "The English edition of Dr. Busch's work . . . has been translated from the original German text. . . . A few passages have, however, been omitted as defamatory, or otherwise unsuitable for publication. Dr. Busch contemplated incorporating bodily in the first volume a reproduction of his earlier work, *Prince Bismarck and his People during the Franco-German War*; but while the many valuable additions which he made to it have been preserved, such portions as would no longer have presented any special interest for English readers have been considerably abridged."

WITH regard to Mr. Gosse's use of the metaphor concerning partridges—Mr. Prevost thinks that "those poor partridges of his should be hunted no longer on the mountains"—which the *Chronicle* laughed at, a correspondent writes to explain that Mr. Gosse was adapting Scripture to lend point to his argument. In 1 Samuel xxvi. 20, the editor of the *Chronicle* may read: "For the King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains."

MR. G. W. STEEVENS will find, when he returns from Egypt, a new book to his name, and probably a very popular one, for Messrs. Blackwood have been printing his letters from Khartoum as fast as they arrived by telegram. This is history up-to-date with a vengeance, and brings publisher very near editor. Alliteration has been too much for Mr. Steevens, and the volume will bear the title *With Kitchener to Khartoum*. We are proposing to have the work reviewed by telephone.

MR. E. J. SULLIVAN, the clever black-and-white artist, has, for several years now, cherished an admirable ambition. Only this year have the Fates proved propitious enough to enable him to realise it. The ambition to which we refer is the interesting one of achieving a series of illustrations to Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. It is rather remarkable that a work which, to an imaginative artist, ought to teem with subject-matter for his pencil, should never before have found not merely a worthy illustrator, but not even an unworthy one. However, the attempt has been made and a publisher found; for Mr. Sullivan has almost finished eighty drawings for Messrs. George Bell & Sons. We dare engage that these pictures will interest and amuse many, and, from what we have seen of them, there will certainly be found few who will fail to recognise our worthy Herr Teufelsdröckh. Mr. Sullivan does not wish to make a mere picture-book of the wonderful essay; on the contrary, he admires Carlyle's work too much for that. His pictures, therefore, must be accepted as a sort of pictorial comment on the work itself; and they promise to do that in a most suggestive as well as amusing fashion.

IN the September *Atlantic Monthly* begin a series of hitherto unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle to his sister Janet ("Jenny") Hanning, extending from 1832 to his death. Why they should have passed to America we cannot explain; but Mr. Copeland, who edits them, has done his work extremely well, and we are glad to read them anywhere. In our Supplement this week will be found one of the early letters in full.

IN a letter, dated January 19, 1837, *The French Revolution* is thus spoken of: "The Book is done, about a week ago: this is my best news. . . . I care little what becomes of it then; it has been a sore Book to me." In the same letter we find this excellent account of the Influenza, with the best word that has yet been associated with it: "All people here have got a thing they call Influenza, a dirty, feverish kind of cold; very miserable, and so general as was hardly ever seen. Printing-offices, Manufactories, Tailor-shops, and such like are struck silent, every second man lying sniffling in his respective place of abode." "Sniffling" is perfect.

THE letters have advice in plenty, as had everything Carlyle wrote. Thus: "Exercise, especially exercise out of doors when it is convenient, is the best of all appliances."

Do not sit motionless within doors if there is a sun shining without, and you are able to stir. Particularly endeavour to keep a good heart, and avoid all moping and musing, whatever takes away your cheerfulness. Sunshine in the inside of one is even more important than sunshine without." And again: "There is nothing that can prosper without perseverance. Perseverance will make many a thing turn out well that looked ill enough once." And again (of Mr. and Mrs. Hanning): "Help one another. Be good to one another."

YET Carlyle could take advice too, on occasion. "Give my compliments to Robert," he says in one place. "Say I mean to ask his assistance in buying a quantity of breeches, as I pass through that huge weaving shop of the world." That is Manchester. Elsewhere he calls it "Cotton-fuz."

ANOTHER new work by Carlyle is promised this autumn in the shape of *Historical Sketches of Noted Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.* These were found among his papers.

THE latest contribution to the literature which is gathering about Omar Khayyám is a fearsome volume, if we may judge by the *Chronicle*. Under the heading "Received To-Day" we observed, a few mornings ago, the following appalling title:

"Multi-Variorum Edition of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám: English, French, German, Italian, the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the years 1886 and 1891-1897. With a Description of the Little Tribe of Smith-Sound Eskimos, the most Northerly Human Beings in the World, and an Account of the Discovery and Bringing Home of the 'Saviksue' or Great Cape-York Meteorites." By Robert Peary, Civil Engineer U.S. Navy. (Methuen & Co.)

Multi-Variorum indeed!

UPON our table reposes the ponderous work the title of which the *Chronicle* was thus pathetically feeling after. It runs: *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. English, French, German, Italian, and Danish translations, comparatively arranged in accordance with the text of Edward FitzGerald's version, with further selections, notes, biographies, and other material.* The author is Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, hitherto known by his translations of Tolstoi. We shall return to this book in due time. Meanwhile we might mention, in proof of the ubiquity and omnipresence of this Persian, that no sooner had we shut these volumes than we opened the letter printed in our correspondence columns, in which a British working-man states that the first book he takes on a holiday is Omar; and then came upon Mr. Seton Merriman's new novel, *Roden's Corner*, which has a quatrain by way of motto. Is there no respite?

Too few persons have read *The Island*, that diverting exercise in satire by Mr. Richard Whiteing, which appeared some dozen years ago, and to which we directed our readers'

attention last year in a series of articles on "Neglected Books." But probably Mr. Whiteing's new work, which he has just finished, will send persons to it, for No. 5, John Street—that is the title—and *The Island* are nearly related. In the earlier story a person of quality visited the little colony of Pitcairn Britons. In the new story a friend of the person of quality acts as the Pitcairn Britons' representative at the Diamond Jubilee, and, for the purpose of furnishing the islanders with a report, spends some time in learning how the poor live. Here, it will be seen, are the materials for some piquant satire. Mr. Whiteing's book will be published shortly.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new novel, which Mr. John Long is about to publish, is entitled *Father Anthony*. It is prefixed by an interesting dedication to the Rev. John Melvin, formerly parish priest of Rosspoint, County Mayo. "Dear Father John," says Mr. Buchanan, "I am inscribing this book with your name, in memory of our many meetings among the sea-surrounded wilds of Erris. Certain scenes and characters in it will be familiar to you, and in 'Father Anthony' himself you will recognise a dim likeness to one whom we both knew and loved. For his sake, and also for yours, I shall always feel a strong affection towards the Irish Mother-Church, and towards those brave and liberal-hearted men who share so cheerfully the sorrows and the privations, the simple joys and duties, of the Irish peasantry. As I close the unpretentious tale, for which I claim only one merit, that of truth to the life, I look back with regretful tenderness to the happy years I spent in Western Ireland, and to the friends whom I found there, to 'brighten the sunshine.' Some have already passed away; dear 'Father Michael,' who sleeps in his lonely grave at Ballina; and the good 'Colonel,' blithest and best of hosts, and truest of sportsmen, at whose table you denounced the 'Saxon,' to the Saxon's unending delight, joining afterwards till the rafters rang in the chorus of 'John Peel.' Ever leal, faithful, brave, and honest, tolerant to all creeds, yet staunch and steadfast to your own, you survive, beloved still, I am sure, by all that know you, and still carrying with you the brightness of a kindly Gospel and a broadly human disposition."

THE artist, M. J. J. Tissot, whose water-colour paintings of scenes in the life of Christ have attracted so many thousands of persons to Bond-street, has now finished the *Life of Our Lord*, on which he has been engaged for several years. At the end he thus addresses his readers: "Ye who have read these volumes written for your benefit, and have, perhaps, been moved by what they contain, as ye close them say this prayer for their author: 'O God, have mercy on the soul of him who wrote this book; cause Thy light to shine upon him, and grant to him eternal rest. Amen.'"

A NEW American literary periodical reaches us in the shape of *Book Notes*, a younger

member of the family of the *Bookman* and the *Book Buyer*. It is bright, but rather more intent upon geese than swans. We learnt from it that "The Brotherhood of the Book" is a new association of book lovers recently organised in New York. They have reprinted Kipling's *Vampire*, Le Gallienne's *Confessio Amantis*, the *Conclusion of Pater's Renaissance*, in limited editions, and intend issuing other literary gems in tasteful pamphlet form." Also that Mr. Doxey, of San Francisco, is adding to the "Lark Classics" Mr. Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*, *The Recessional*, and *Other Poems*; his *Departmental Ditties*, *The Vampire*, and *Other Poems*; and Sappho, translated fragments.

MR. KIPLING'S *Captains Courageous*, by the way, has already had an American sale of thirty thousand copies.

AN amusing correspondence is raging in the American *Dial* on the subject of battle poems. "W. R. K." began it by deploring the paucity of good verse inspired by the recent war. In answer he received a copy of a poem by a Mr. E. S. Willcox, but he cannot, he says, consider the reply as crushing. He also has been severely criticised by Mr. Joseph P. Perkins. Mr. Perkins considers the original letter an affront to American poets. "'W. R. K.'" he says, "appears to be one of those bookish and supercilious persons who wilfully ignore or belittle (for reasons best known to themselves) the surprising amount of really good poetical work done in our daily papers."

MR. PERKINS goes on to quote two stanzas from one of the "splendid and stirring poems" which the papers have contained. Here is the second stanza (there are nine altogether):

"Arise! Arise! ye sons of sires
Who distaff left to him who runs:
None but the dastard stops to choose,
So, heroes, stiffen up your thews,
And limber up your guns—
Aux Armes!"

To this the editor of the *Dial* remarks that it is not the kind of thing he would choose to march to death to.

MEANWHILE, "W. R. K." has written a second letter of lament for the want of enthusiasm of the poets. Certainly, he says, "had Mr. Whittier been with us such deeds as Hobson's would not have gone unsung." And Whittier was a Quaker. He continues:

"It is argued that the war with Spain was not, like our Civil War, one sanctified by principle, but that it was a mere fight (dare I say 'scrap'?) forced on the Government by a morbid popular craving for excitement; and that, therefore, our poets were not likely to find much inspiration in it. But the plea is hardly a valid one. Whatever one may think of the war with Spain in its origin, or as a whole, it undeniably had its episodes of heroism as fine as ever fired the soul of bard. Then turn to the Crimean War—one which few humane and intelligent Englishmen favoured at the time, and which no Englishman not a Jingo and a rabid Russophobe pretends to justify now. It was certainly not a war 'sanctified by principle'; but it evoked the 'charge of the Light Brigade.'"

The answer, of course, is, that it needed a Tennyson to write that poem. It is not wars but men that make poetry.

MR. HENLEY'S return to busy literary life is very gratifying. He now has a great deal of work on hand, including a general introduction to the edition of Smollett's novels, which Messrs. Constable have projected.

A *George Meredith Birthday Book* is shortly to be obtainable, by seventy-five enterprising persons, in an *édition de luxe*, bound in white, tied with yellow "moire" ribbon. The editor's name is given as D. Meredith, which stands for the novelist's daughter-in-law. There will also be an ordinary edition. The publishers are, of course, Messrs. Constable.

THE third of Mr. Alfred Austin's pretty garden books of prose and poetry—of which the first was *The Garden that I Love*, and the second *In Veronica's Garden*—will be called *Lamia's Winter Quarters*, and Messrs. Macmillan will publish it in October.

DEAN STUBBS'S book on *Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement*, announced in the "Victoria Era" Series for the 15th inst., has been unavoidably delayed, and will not be published till November 15. The volume will have special interest on account of two poems by Kingsley which have not hitherto appeared in the collected edition. They were originally published anonymously in the series of tracts called "Politics for the People," and their authorship is known only by the initials "C. K." appended to them by Mr. Parker, the original publisher, whose marked copy is now in the possession of Mr. Bowes of Cambridge.

It is too early to speak judicially of the storm of interest which has been aroused by the narrative of M. Louis de Rougemont; but we might remark that while we were engaged in reading the columns of the *Chronicle*, which are now day by day given up to this vital matter, a magazine, entitled *The Favourite*, which we had not hitherto seen, was laid on the table. Turning to it for a moment we encountered an article entitled "The Misadventures of Hooley de Hugemount." The author proceeds to say that his "narrative would be utterly incredible if it were not absolutely untrue," and the misadventures straightway begin. "I was born in 1512, and am still alive"—that is the opening sentence; and subsequently we come to this: "I knew that so long as I could hold on with my teeth I was still alive. Of course, I could hold on after I was dead. But then I would have to wait for *rigor mortis* to set in." Here we draw the veil.

For those who do not care to accumulate bound volumes of magazines, but who frequently meet with articles which they wish to keep, it is a good way to resort to the binder and get from him an easy-fitting case, in which such articles may abide. Such a volume we saw the other day, entitled "Good Things," containing

Stevenson's "Fables" from *Longman's*, FitzGerald's "Letters to Fanny Kemble" from *Temple Bar*, and other matters. From time to time we propose to mention magazine articles suitable for separating in this way, and we may begin now with Mr. Hewlett's "Messer Cino of Pistoja," in the August *Macmillan*, and "Youth," Mr. Conrad's story in the current *Blackwood*. This remarkable piece of good work, by the way, is autobiographical. Mr. Conrad himself is the hero. It conveys the very feeling of the East.

THE current number of the *Gentlewoman* is distinguished by a facsimile of an original water-colour drawing recently sketched in Denmark by the Princess of Wales, which is presented as a supplement by the gracious permission of Her Royal Highness. So far as the editor is aware, this is, he tells us, the only occasion on which a drawing by the Princess of Wales has been reproduced in facsimile. The reproduction, we are glad to note, has been "Made in England." The picture is a very charming one.

THE announcement is made that on and after the 28th instant the price of the *Guardian* will be reduced to threepence. The reason given is "the diminution of clerical incomes."

MARK TWAIN states that he has now definitely abandoned lecturing. We should have been better pleased with this decision if Mark Twain had already delivered a course of his lectures in this country. Every English-speaking country has had the opportunity of laughing over them—with the exception of England.

A SELECTION from the series of papers which have been published in *Literature*, under the title "Among my Books," will be issued shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock in a volume.

AN EPITAPH.

Here do I lie—in faith!

Not that God's purposes were clear to me;
Not that I read old books, and said, "I see!
Curst be the fool whose eyes are holden yet!"
But that I justified within my soul
The Will that moved the worlds. It guides
the whole?

Let it this part remember or forget!

Here do I lie—in hope!

Not that I say, "I kept my foot from sin";
Not that I think, or wish, to enter in
Where augeoled saints with new-born children
rest;
But that no fellow-man can say of me,
"I fell, and it was pleasing unto thee;
Thine eyes beheld despair, and acquiesced."

Here do I lie—and sleep!

Sleep was the gift filched at my birth from
me,
But I inherit it eternally:
I close my hand on it, and now shall keep.
Embraces of the flesh awakened "me":
Stripped of the flesh once more—and wil-
lingly—
In the embraces of the gods I sleep!

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

A CROSS AT WHITBY.

NEXT week, at Whitby, the Poet Laureate is to unveil the cross which has been erected in honour of Caedmon, "the divine oxherd," who some twelve centuries ago founded the long line of British poets. Apart from his official position, Mr. Alfred Austin, as the bard of King Alfred, has earned a right to speak of Caedmon. Alfred, to be sure, belonged to a period later than the poet, as he reigned from 871 to 901, while Caedmon probably died about 680; but one of his literary achievements was to translate Baeda's Latin account of the poet into Anglo-Saxon. In good truth, more people know Caedmon to-day by this famous story than by his actual poems. The historian had an uncommonly shrewd eye for a telling incident—witness his report of the ealdorman's metaphor of the sparrow. He is our only authority for Caedmon's life.

Canon Atkinson, in his *Memorials of Old Whitby*, has subjected the account to a masterly examination, with the object of discovering what position in life Caedmon held. Before touching on that point, however, let us try, as behoves those who are interested in English poetry, to obtain some clear idea of the scene and the time and the *dramatis personæ*. It was in the palmy days of Northumbria, that is to say, after the battle of Hevenfeldt. The kingdom extended from the Humber to the Forth, from Whitby and Holy Island to Morecambe Bay and the Solway. It was but a half-Christianised country. At Lindisfarne and Coldingham and Gateshead and Melrose and Streonashalh—the picturesque old name of Whitby—religious houses had been founded, and missionaries, many of whom could not speak the language, went about among the heathen with or without interpreters. The magnificent crosses at Bewcastle, Ruthwell, and Hexham testify to the zeal of the converts. Among the religious a conspicuous figure was that of the Abbess Hild with her double monastery at Streonashalh, and "the Royal Bishop Wilfrith" with his Eastern culture and imperial manner. Oswy was king, and Biscop one of his attendants, he who went to Rome with Oswy's son Aelfrid.

Caedmon worked on the farm belonging to Hilda's establishment till he had reached a mature age, as Bede says. That he was a simple unlettered peasant is obvious. After the day's work was over, the farmhands, as we should now call them, occasionally met at what King Alfred calls a *geboerscipe*, or "beership," that being his interesting Anglo-Saxon rendering of the less definite Latin *in convivio*. The amusements of our ancestors differed in degree rather than in kind from our own. They ate, and then while they drank their beer had "sang and sang about" as Burns has it—each passing the harp to his neighbour when he had done his own turn. Poor Caedmon seems to have thought himself timber-tuned, and when he saw the harp coming towards him he used to creep away for shame, for *scœoma* is Alfred's pregnant interpolation.

In one of the oldest books on English

agriculture extant it is laid down that the oxherd shall sleep with the oxen, the cowherd with his cows, and the shepherd with his sheep, a necessary arrangement when wolves and thieves were numerous. Canon Atkinson is in some doubt whether this was Caedmon's nightly task as a farm-serf, or whether he watched occasionally as part of the services due for his tenure of a yardland. The language employed favours the latter interpretation; but the point is important to the antiquarian and historical student, although less so from a literary point of view. It is sufficient to note that Caedmon lay down to sleep in the ox-stall or *neate scyppene*. He there dreamed that someone appeared and saluted him and greeted him and called him by his name. "Caedmon," said the apparition, "sing to me something." "I cannot sing," he answered. "I left the pleasant company and came hither because I was not able to sing." Again, he who spoke with him said, "Nevertheless, you must sing to me." "What ought I to sing?" asked Caedmon. "Sing the beginning of created things," was the answer.

At these words the lips of the poet were unsealed, and he sang in his sleep. In the morning he remembered the words that had come to him, and went forth and told his strange dream to the town-reeve, who was his ealdorman, and the reeve led him forthwith to Abbess Hild, and on hearing [she called together all her people, both the learned and those who were learning, and made Caedmon repeat his poem to them. Bede gives the sense of what he sang in Latin—would that he had preserved the vernacular. The first song of the first English poet was as follows:

"Now must we praise
Heaven's Kingdom's wonder
Creator's might
And his mind's thought
Glorious Father of men
As of every wonder
Ever Lord
Formed the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of Earth
The Heaven as a roof
Holy Creator
Then mid earth
Mankind's wonder
Ever Lord
After produced
The Earth for men
Lord Almighty."

The translation is quoted from Canon Browne.

They then translated to him some portions of sacred story, and bid him if he could turn them into verse. These he carried home, and in the morning he came back with them turned into exquisite poems. Whereupon arose great rejoicing in the monastery of Streonashalh, where poetry had not yet become a drug in the market. The Abbess besought him to quit the secular habit and become a monk, which he did, and ever afterwards was the glory of Whitby. They taught him the holy history, and what he heard he turned over in his mind and, as Baeda quaintly puts it, "like a clean animal ruminating," converted into the sweetest song.

This is a very beautiful story of the awakening of the consciousness of a poet, and the supernatural may be omitted without injury to it. Caedmon's dream was a poet's dream, and if he took it for a Divine vision, there are herdsmen of to-day who would follow his example in that. And as far as one can judge of his work, it seems not unworthy of this fine preface. But, of course, there are great obstacles to a full appreciation. Our point of view has changed immensely even since Milton's day—his *Paradise Lost* is growing old, but how young it is compared with the *Paradise Lost* of Caedmon! He wrote, too, in ignorant times. Abbot Hild caused him to be taught after discovering his poetic gift—he had probably no better models than the war-songs of the "Scopas." What he knew of literature could only have been learned by listening to the bards and glee-maidens who sang at the "beerships," as well as in the halls of knight and noble. He also addressed a rude audience in the gluttonous, beer-swilling Anglo-Saxons, and he used a language that the very priests did not know. It was an undeveloped tongue, and capable only as yet of producing harsh metre. Yet there was some virtue in these conditions, since they enforced upon the poet vividness, directness, and vigour—qualities possessed by Caedmon in abundance. You feel that to his bold imagination heaven, hell, and their inhabitants are very actual. Here, for instance, is a picture realised. The translation, unadorned but accurate and almost literal, is by Benjamin Thorpe:

"Them there worse befell
when they in hell
a home established.
One after other
in that drear den
where they scorching heat
must bide
sore sorrow
not the light of the sky
have in heaven
built on high
but must dive
into the deep fire
downward beneath
into the abyss profound
greedy and ravenous."

The vision is ever before him of "a swart hell without light and full of flame." When we meet such word-pictures we can well believe that others after him strove to compose religious poems, but none could vie with him. Indeed, they recommended their inferior wares by attributing them to his authorship.

The most perfect of his poems, if indeed it be his—for the matter is one of mere conjecture, and there are those who not only dispute his connexion with particular works, but doubt if such a person as Caedmon ever existed—is "The Lay of the Holy Rood." It is one of the pieces found in the Vercelli Codex, and parts of it are inscribed in runes on the Ruthwell Cross. The poet begins by describing a vision he had in the middle of the night—we quote from Kembel's translation:

"It seemed to me that I saw
a wondrous tree

led through the sky
enveloped in light
brightest of beams;
all that beacon was
surrounded with gold;
gems stood fair
at the extremities of the earth
five also there were
aloft on the axle-span."

Lying there he heard the tree give forth a sound, wounds showed themselves upon it, and then it began to relate its story, how, long ago, "I was cut down at the end of a wood, stirred from my sleep." It was made into a cross, and "Almighty God," the "young hero," mounted on it:

"I was all wet with blood pouring from the
man's side."

Covered with clouds darkness had
the corpse of the Ruler
the bright splendour
shadow invaded.
Wan under the welkin
wept all creation
they bewailed the fall of their king."

After relating the story of Christ's agony, the Rood laid this command on the poet:

"Now I command thee
Man beloved
that thou this vision
tell to men
reveal with words
that it is the Tree of Glory
on which Almighty God
suffered."

The thought and style are those of Caedmon, and it would, indeed, be a very remarkable circumstance if there lived at the same time two men capable of writing it.

Baeda closes his account of Caedmon with a very tender description of his death at "Hilda's holy shrine":

"Now the poor old man grew sick, with an infirmity so moderate that he was able to speak and walk during all the fourteen days of its endurance. He knew he was going to die, but he remained of cheerful mood (the expression is stronger, *gaudente animo*), to the last talking and jesting with the brethren. He received the Sacrament, declared himself at peace with all men, asked how long it was till the hour of nocturne, and, on being answered that it was not long, 'It is well, let us await that hour,' he answered, and fell asleep."

Such in brief outline was the man that scholars and poets are about to honour at the ancient monastery of Streonashalh, where he lived and sang twelve hundred years ago. They will, no doubt, in the manner of latter-day Englishmen, hold a *gebeorscipe* of their own, and instead of passing the harp, call on one another to make speeches and give toasts. But there is material for more than after-dinner oratory in this celebration of what proved to be the foundation-stone of English literature. Indeed, so illustrious has been the line of Caedmon's successors that the Laureate can scarcely do less than celebrate the occasion in verse. He could not well hit on a finer theme than that of the first English singer "warbling his wood-notes wild" to those stark ancestors of ours who little dreamed what glories were to be achieved by their race in the future.

A MINOR PROPHET.

THERE is nothing contemptuous in the qualifying adjective. Major and minor prophets were prophets, both of them; and what was relative was not so much the quality of the prophecy as the quantity of it. To the minor poet of to-day the phrase has descended; and the world, applying the term lightly, needs to be now and then reminded of the derivation. To be a prophet or to be a poet is the main thing; whether a major or a minor one does not so much matter. The major prophets of old were major poets too; the minor prophets were minor poets. The Divine gift was always then a literal gift of divination. Vision and pre-vision went together; insight lit up sight. Whither have the prophets fled in an age when, more than ever, mankind is conscious of a destiny undone and unfulfilled; and when, not less than of old, lamentations and threats should, one would suppose, come lightly to the lips of men and women awake, and even alertly apprehensive, to the doctrine of inevitable consequence? Well, among modern poets there is one man who has lifted up his voice in prophetic and denunciatory numbers, which I, for one, have had ringing in my ears ever since I heard the news of the massacre of Omdurman. That man is Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; and, after reading last week's *ACADEMY*, I was left conscious of some limitations in, as I think, the otherwise masterly estimate of his poetry, mainly appreciative as it was. I will not demur to judgments there meted out, but I will express regret that the political differences which divide Englishmen—which divide, in fact, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt from his two brilliant editors, Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.—have led them to exclude from this volume of his selected poetry all poems, or extracts of poems, bearing on public events that breed controversy.

That is why *The Wind and the Whirlwind*, a thin and rather awkwardly shaped volume, published in 1883, has been left out of view, just as it is itself often overlooked in a library with its blind back of black cloth. Of all books it is the most difficult to lay hands upon; and such things count as deterrents in this irrelevant world; yet of these fifteen years not one has passed in which I did not seek it out for a renewal of intimacy—a fact which may be offered for what it is worth to those modern publishers who think form a first consideration, and seem to forget that a book, like a queen's daughter (who is generally plain without), must be beautiful within. And thus allegorically does one stumble on the perennial controversy as to form and subject in the poet's own methods.

"I have a thing to say. But how to say it?"

is the opening line of Mr. Blunt's poem of prophecy—a formula which really settles the whole disputation. It matters to literature both what is said and how it is said; all attempts at division are futile; they have their birth in aversions, and their end in conversions, which spell catastrophe and not continuity.

The thing which Mr. Blunt had to say, yet hesitated how to say, in 1883, was the

crime, as he held it to be, committed by his countrymen in suppressing the national rising in Egypt under Arabi Pasha, and the scourge that, in his belief, must follow that crime. Mr. Blunt was, of course, a prophet without honour in his own country. Nobody listened even to his statement of facts. It was nothing that he knew his Egypt; nor is it now recalled that the result verified every statement he made about the really national and universal character of the "rebellion" against the Khedive and the bondholder, as well as about the enlightened character of Arabi, whom Mr. Blunt's intervention subsequently saved from death:

"I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
Out of the East a twilight had been born.
It was not day. Yet the long night was
waning,
And the spent natives watched it less
forlorn."

Out of the twilight the voice of Arabi the Reformer was heard:

"There in the land of Death, where toil is
cradled,
That tearful Nile, unknown to Liberty,
It spoke in passionate tones of human free-
dom,
And of those rights of men which cannot
die—

Till from the cavern of long fear, whose
portals
Had backward rolled, and hardly yet
aloud,
Men prisoned stole like ghosts and joined the
chorus,
And chaunted trembling, each man in his
shroud.

We have had enough of strangers and of
princes . . .

The shadow of their palaces, fair dwellings
Built with our bones and kneaded with our
tears,
Darkens the land with darkness of Gehennem,
The lust, the crime, the infamy of years.

The silent river by those gardens lapping
To-night receives its burden of new dead:
A man of age sent home with his lord's wages—
Stones to his feet, a grave-cloth to his head.

Walls infamous in beauty, gardens fragrant
With rose and citron and the scent of blood.
God shall blot out the memory of all laughter,
Rather than leave you standing where you
stood.

You shall become a nation with the nations.
Lift up your voices, for the night is past,
Stretch forth your hands. The hands of the
free Peoples
Have beckoned you, the youngest and the
last."

It was Mr. Gladstone himself, after describing the Egyptians as "a nation rightly struggling to be free," who at last gave the order by which Lord Alcester bombarded Alexandria, and Lord Wolsley of Cairo triumphed at Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Gladstone has not inspired many allusions in contemporary poetry, but one of them occurs when the poet-prophet foretells a day—

"A day of wrath when all Fame shall remember
Of this year's work shall be the fall of one
Who, standing foremost in the paths of virtue,
Bent a fool's knee at War's red altar-stone,

And left all virtue beggared in his falling,
A sign to England of new griefs to come.

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
How shall I tell the mystery of guile—
The fraud that fought, the treason that dis-
banded—

The gold that slew the children of the Nile?

How shall I speak of them, the priests of Baal,
The men who served the wind for their ill
ends?

The reapers of the whirlwind in that harvest
Were all my countrymen, were some my
friends.

'Silence! Who spoke?' 'The voice of one
disclosing

A truth untimely.' 'With what right to
speak?

Holds he the Queen's Commission?' 'No,
God's only.'

A hundred hands shall smite him on the
cheek."

It was once the lot of the prophets to be
stoned. Other times bring other manners—
now they are not slaughtered, but ignored.
That is why this poem was pushed
angrily aside when it was published, an
importunity and an inopportunit; so that
it will now be read for the first time by the
majority of readers. For that reason,
before I pass to the final prophesying,
I shall pause on some verses in description
of the unequal contest between the im-
material East and the material West:

"I have a thing to say. Oh, how to say it!
One summer morning at the hour of prayer,
And in the face of man and man's high
Maker,
The thunder of their cannon rent the air.

The flames of death were on you, and de-
struction—

A hail of iron on your heads they poured.
You fought, you fell, you died, until the
sunset,
And then you fled forsaken of the Lord.

I care not if you fled. What men call courage
Is the least noble thing of which they
boast.

Their victors always are great men of
valour!
Find me the valour of the beaten host.

Oh, I would rather fly with the first craven,
Who flung his arms away in a good cause,
Than lead the hottest charge by England
vaunted

In all the record of her unjust wars.

Poor sheep, they scattered you. Poor slaves,
they buried you.

You prayed for your dear lives with your
mute hands.

They answered you with laughter and with
shouting,
And slew you in your thousands on the
sands.

They scoffed at you and pointed in derision,
Crowned with their thorns and nailed upon
their tree.

And at your head their Pilate wrote the
inscription,

'This is the land restored to Liberty.'

Then follow the verses of malediction. In
them this minor prophet seems to take a
leaf from the larger script of Ezekiel, the
shower of the way to that Higher
Patriotism which accepts, nay courts, a
punishment for one nation that all nations

may benefit, and which repudiates the
modern merging of the man in the country-
man:

"O insolence of strength, O boast of wisdom,
O poverty in all things truly wise!
Thinkest thou, England, God can be out-
witted
For ever thus by him who sells and buys?

Thou sellest the sad nations to their ruin.
What hast thou bought? The child within
the womb,
The son of him thou slayest to thy hurting,
Shall answer thee, 'An empire for thy
tomb.'

Thou hast joined house to house for thy
perdition.
Thou hast done evil in the name of right.
Thou hast made bitter sweet, and the sweet
bitter,
And called light darkness, and the darkness
light.

Thou hast deserved men's hatred: they shall
hate thee.
Thou hast deserved men's fear: their fear
shall kill.
Thou hast thy foot upon the weak: the
weakest
With his bruised head shall strike thee on
the heel.

Thou wentest to this Egypt for thy pleasure:
Thou shalt remain with her for thy sore
pain.

Thou hast possessed her beauty. Thou
wouldest leave her—
Nay, thou shalt lie with her, as thou hast
lain."

Extraordinary is the fulfilment of the
prophecy in this verse. It was made,
remember, at a time when English poli-
ticians, differing in all else, agreed only in
declaring to France and to all the world that
England occupied Egypt for the moment
only—a pledge she has wished to keep,
and has only now tacitly let out to be
at last abandoned. The precision of
fulfilment of the prophetic verses already
quoted lends an added solemnity to the
stanzas of terror which follow—stanzas
only partly fulfilled, despite the marvellously
literal application they have to the subse-
quent action of the Mahdi and of Gordon,
our "best thought," with his death and the
national dishonour to which it was at least
popularly attributed:

"She shalt bring shame upon thy face with all
men;
She shall disease thee with her grief and
fear;
Thou shalt grow sick and feeble in her ruin;
Thou shalt repay her to the last sad tear.

Her kindred shall surround thee with strange
clamours.

Dogging thy steps till thou shalt loath
their din;

The friends thou hast deceived shall watch
in anger;

Thy children shall upbraid thee with thy
sin.

All shall be counted thee a crime—thy
patience

With thy impatience. Thy best thought
shall wound;

Thou shalt grow weary of thy work thus
fashioned,

And walk in fear with eyes upon the
ground.

The empire thou didst build shall be divided :
Thou shalt be weighed in thine own
balances
Of usury to peoples and to princes,
And be found wanting by the world and
these.

Truth yet shall triumph in a world of justice.
This is of faith. I swear it. East and West
The law of God's progression shall accom-
plish—
Even this last great marvel with the rest.

Therefore I do not grieve. Oh, hear me,
Egypt!
Even in death thou art not wholly dead.
And hear me, England! Nay, thou must
needs hear me.
I had a thing to say. And it is said."

The prophecy of the penultimate line has
some fulfilment, as *The Wind and the Whirl-
wind*, here quoted from, was omitted
altogether from the selection of Mr. Henley
and Mr. Wyndham.

W. M.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOKSELLER ON TRIAL.

EVERY reader of the ACADEMY must be pretty familiar with the questions which for some months past have been agitating authors, publishers, and especially booksellers; but in order to make clear at once the significance of what follows, let me sum up the present position in a few words. The bookseller protests—most of us admit, with good reason—that it is impossible for him, under present conditions, to earn a living by the sale of books. The publishers and authors sympathise with his appeal for the abolition of ruinous competitive discounts, and are honestly trying to evolve some scheme that may better his condition. But there are those who say that the bookseller has no one but himself to blame for the present disastrous state of affairs; that the secret of his failure is his lack of enterprise. There are those who contend that should the worst come and the old-fashioned bookseller cease to exist, the sale of books would in no wise suffer. Such opponents of the proposed reform point to the phenomenal success that has attended the attempt to sell the *Encyclopædia Britannica* without any help from the bookseller. I pointed out in these columns, a month or two since, that the action of the *Times* was of the greatest importance to the whole bookselling trade. The subscription lists for the *Times* reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will shortly be re-opened, and the sales have been so encouraging that a very large sum—running, I am told, into nearly five figures—has been set aside for advertising the issue during the next few months.

Now, at this important juncture in the history of bookselling, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., to whom the trade already owes so much, have entered the lists as the champions of the booksellers. By their action the booksellers throughout the country are put on their trial. The verdict lies with the authors and publishers.

I make the following extracts from the prospectus of the new special edition of *Green's Illustrated History of the English People*.

"Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Limited, propose to take advantage of the recently introduced instalment system of selling books to circulate a new and beautiful issue of the Illustrated Edition of *Green's Short History of the English People*, but instead of taking orders and distributing the book through the medium of a newspaper, as has been done in a recent well-known case, Messrs. Macmillan intend to sell the work through retail booksellers throughout the country, whom they will appoint their agents for the purpose.

Green's Short History of the English People has long been recognised as the most brilliant and most readable of English Histories, and the Illustrated Edition which was published a few years ago under the supervision of Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, is, without exception, one of the most attractive and instructive pictorial histories in existence, and is a book that should be in the possession of every family in the kingdom. This great work, which was produced at a cost of many thousand pounds, contains, in addition to the complete text of the original work, no less than fourteen hundred illustrations, of which two hundred and fifty are full-page engravings.

There are two hundred portraits of various historical characters, engraved under the supervision of the late Mr. George Scharf, Director of the National Portrait Gallery. The volumes also contain thirty-two maps and plans, and eighteen beautiful lithographic plates, printed in some instances in as many as sixteen colours.

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Order forms may be obtained from any bookseller. The books will be delivered to purchasers as soon as they are ready, and those subscribers who order at once will receive the first copies that come from the binders.

1. If you wish to subscribe for the Special Edition of *Green's Illustrated History*, ask your bookseller for an order form, and fill it up with your name and address. Then return it to the bookseller, and at the same time hand him over the sum of five shillings.

2. Your order will then be booked, and a complete copy of the Special Edition of *Green's History* will be delivered to you as soon as it is ready.

3. On receipt of the complete book you will make the bookseller a further payment of five shillings, and will continue to make subsequent payments at the rate of five shillings per month until you have paid up the whole price of the book—viz., two pounds.

4. Should you wish to pay the whole amount at one time, a payment of thirty-seven and sixpence made at the time of first giving the order will entitle you to receive a copy of the book without further payment or liability of any kind."

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It will be noted that the agreement for the payment of instalments is made direct between the purchaser and the publishers, so that the bookseller who obtains an order runs no risk of

loss through any failure of the purchaser to keep up his payments, unless he neglects to give notice of such failure to pay.

Copies of *Green's History* supplied under this agreement will be charged at the rate of thirty shillings each to current account, subject to the ordinary discount at settlement, or, if preferred, will be placed six months forward, in which case they will be charged *net*."

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The purchaser agrees not to part with the book by sale or otherwise until it has been entirely paid for.

If the purchaser makes default in payment of any one of the instalments on the day hereby agreed for payment thereof, the whole balance of the two pounds shall immediately thereupon become due and payable, and be recoverable summarily as a debt for an agreed and liquidated amount.

As witness the hands of the parties."

These particulars speak for themselves. *Green's History* is a standard work: there is no reason why the new issue should not sell in large quantities. The question is, "Would the ten shillings given as trade allowance be spent to better advantage in a newspaper advertisement in which the volumes would be offered direct to the purchaser?" The terms are exceedingly liberal, the bookseller runs no risk and is paid handsomely for his trouble. But it stands to reason that in offering such terms the publishers rely on the trade to advertise the book, to push it, and to sell it. The bookseller must work for his living.

The bookseller is on his trial, and the court is crowded. The verdict?

Meanwhile, as another example of the enterprise now being displayed by the house of Macmillan, I might mention the celerity with which they have issued Dr. Busch's *Bismarck*, and the spirited way in which they are advertising the book.

DRAMA.

THE BOOM IN DUMAS.

MORE adaptations have been made of *The Three Musketeers* than could be reckoned on one's fingers, and still the number is being added to. Mr. Sydney Grundy is preparing a version for Mr. Tree, to be presented at Her Majesty's about the New Year; and he has just been forestalled by Mr. Henry Hamilton with an excellent one written for Mr. Lewis Waller, and produced at the Métropole, Camberwell, with a view to its introduction to a West-end theatre. Another tolerably effective adaptation has, within the past week or two, been seen at the Parkhurst Theatre, Holloway, the work of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. In this, although the piece is luridly dramatic in other respects, the evil tradition is maintained of making D'Artagnan a light comedy character. This was a common feature of the old versions, the most notable of which, perhaps, was that associated with the late Charles Dillon. The author met with but scant respect from the adapter of thirty or forty years ago. Whether the literary conscience of the present day would allow of serious liberties being taken with Dumas may be doubted. In point of fact, Mr. Henry Hamilton has found his account in a tolerably faithful adherence to the novel while necessarily discarding a huge mass of material, and Mr. Sydney Grundy may be trusted to follow the same lines. The author's legal rights in *The Three Musketeers* have long since lapsed (if they could ever be said to have existed in this country), but his literary rights remain, and are indeed stronger than ever. For dramatic purposes as it stands, the fault of the famous romance is its lack of female interest, which occupies small compass in comparison with the stirring adventures of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and their dashing Gascon comrade D'Artagnan. But this disappears to a great extent in the process of weeding out, to which the amazingly exuberant products of Dumas' imagination are necessarily subjected; since all the adapters have been compelled to adopt Miladi's intrigues as the mainspring of their action.

In the efforts of the Cardinal, with Miladi's assistance, to expose the Queen's relations with Buckingham, and D'Artagnan's heroic endeavour to shield Her Majesty's honour, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis aiding, we have a pretty game of "pull devil, pull baker." Dumas is no niggling romancier; he does nothing by halves. It is a fight between friends and demi-gods. If the plotting of the wily ecclesiastic and his female accomplice is Satanically subtle and unscrupulous, the measures adopted to defeat it are Titanic. The Queen's diamonds, entrusted to Buckingham, must be worn in a certain minuet. Through the Cardinal's devices two of them have been stolen; the set is incomplete, and the king's jealousy, artfully stirred and played upon by Richelieu, who schemes for the fall of Anne d'Autriche,

will know no bounds as soon as the Queen's duplicity becomes manifest. At all hazards the diamonds must be recovered; D'Artagnan and his fellow-musketeers are ready for the task. It is a journey to and from England against time and against countless obstacles placed in their path by the Cardinal, but the gallant band are equal to the emergency; at fabulous expense the stolen stones are replaced, and with five minutes to the good D'Artagnan is able to lay the fateful jewels at his royal lady's feet. In this and many other episodes of the play it is Mr. Hamilton's merit, and that of his leading interpreters, to be able to let us feel something of the prodigious verve and swing of the original narrative, the freer air that the characters breathe and move in. They are all many sizes larger than life, these characters, but like the Greek masks they speak a language correspondingly colossal. With Dumas to draw upon, it may safely be said that romance on the stage will never die. Mr. Lewis Waller's spirited recital of his ride for the recovery of the diamonds is a magnificent example of the successful substitution of narrative for incident; it brings down the house. Like his master, however, Mr. Hamilton wisely keeps his story moving. The spectator must bring his own psychology with him; there is little or none of it on the stage. On the contrary, a plentiful knitting and unknitting of intrigue, the constant clash of arms, the bustle of action, and a free employment of that favourite device of Dumas—the intercepted letter.

Two scenes stand out conspicuously in the drama: the unmasking of Miladi, as the felon that she is, by D'Artagnan's exposure of the branded *fleur-de-lys* on her naked shoulder, and the converging upon her of the victims of her love and treachery, who severally pronounce upon her the doom of death, just as she has almost succeeded, by way of revenge upon D'Artagnan, in inducing that hero's fiancée, Gabrielle de Chalus, Maid of Honour to the Queen, to drink of the poisoned cup. In the former, Mr. Hamilton has not shrunk from adopting his author's method, risky as it is on the stage. The scene is Miladi's bedchamber, where she has given an assignation to one of her lovers upon whose sword she counts in her campaign. It is D'Artagnan who, by a stratagem, takes the gallant's place. In the struggle that ensues Miladi's clothes are torn off her alabaster back, revealing the fatal brand. The culminating scene shows Miladi trapped by the successful musketeers in a convent parlour, where her shrieks for mercy are unavailing. By this time the cup of her iniquities is full to overflowing. Death is her sentence, but at the last moment (Dumas is full of such surprises) she balks their vengeance, at the same time saving them from the dishonour of killing a woman, by drinking the poison she had intended for Gabrielle. After which, Buckingham having meanwhile been slain at Miladi's instance by her dupe, Felton, comes the final defeat of the Cardinal, and

the restoration of the Queen to Louis's favour. The poor Cardinal necessarily suffers considerably in his reputation during the progress of the story. It is his fate to be *roulé* at every turn; so that in the end one wonders upon what foundation his reputed astuteness rests. But then, has he not D'Artagnan and the gallant Gascon's trusty comrades-in-arms for his opponents?

JUDGING by the enthusiastic acclamation of this play, the present boom in Dumas would seem to be justified. The public appetite for the romantic is all that the previous reception of "*Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*" and "*A Marriage of Convenience*" had led us to expect. Whether, with Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of *The Three Musketeers* still to come, it is not possible to have too much Dumas, time will tell. No small part of the success of Mr. Hamilton's adaptation is due to the vigorous acting of Mr. Lewis Waller as D'Artagnan, and the equally effective embodiment of Miladi, on sinuous, subtle lines, by Miss Florence West. This D'Artagnan is as gallant, ardent, and impetuous as one could desire; while all the treachery, lechery, and serpent-like fascination of Miladi stands clearly revealed. The Athos, Porthos, and Aramis revive one's recollections of the famous trio, than which the actors in these episodic parts could do no more. The Cardinal, unfortunately, is only the shadow of himself, but that was inevitable in the circumstances; Miss Kate Rorke makes a handsome Queen, and has a sympathetic Maid of Honour in Miss Constance Walton, whose tender love passages with Mr. Lewis Waller offer a pleasing contrast to the more stirring portions of the play; and the general atmosphere of the Court of Louis XIII. is happily conveyed.

AMONG the lighter musical pieces of the season, whether by reason of the ebullient whimsicality of the dialogue, the alertness and gaiety of the music, the brightness of the costumes, and the prettiness of the dancing, none stands higher than "*Her Royal Highness*," where Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Walter Slaughter have carved out for themselves a success similar to that of "*The French Maid*." Mr. Gilbert apart, I am not sure that in Captain Hood, late of the Guards, we have not the best comic genius who has been seen since the days of Planché. His humorous faculty recalls in a striking degree that of his great namesake—notably in his punning—there is a punning duet that might have been written by the author of "*Ben Battle*"—while the spontaneity and freshness of his invention, and the literary touch that shows through the irresponsible frivolity of the book, produce an extremely pleasing impression. The piece gives one nothing to think about the day after, and therefore presumably falls under Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's ban; but whether one is "rightly amused" by it or otherwise, it yields an excellent evening's entertainment.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE MODERN MONK."

SIR,—I am loth to quarrel with the impressions of a reviewer, but I trust you will find me space to correct a serious misrepresentation. One has to make allowance, of course, for the bruised feelings of a Catholic poet who sees the halo rudely dispelled from his cherished institutions. Yet one has a right to a fair presentation of one's ideas in a four-column review. My reviewer says: "This competent, hostile, and tolerably honest witness finds no occasion even to hint at the particular frailty from which men of this world find the greatest difficulty in believing professed ascetics to be free." I did more than hint at it. On p. 277 my opinion is to be found. It is not that of the average ex-monk, nor that of the Catholic layman—it is precisely that of "the man of the world." He says, also, that "apostate priests" can never be quiet about their apostasy: they are ever "excusing and accusing." Out of a score of priests who have seceded from Rome during the last twenty years in England I am the only one to whom this can apply—and in this book there is no attempt whatever at a superfluous apology.

I take no notice of the remarks about "lakes of fire," "agonised conscience," "the Great Assize," "diabolical hatred," &c.: they are obvious tokens of a childish petulance or a sectarian rancour which strangely disfigure the placid pages of the ACADEMY.—I am, &c.,

Leicester: Sept. 12. J. McCABE.

[Thus Mr. McCabe. But his reference to "the bruised feelings of a Catholic poet" is mystifying. The writer of the article complained of is a man guiltless alike of poetry and of verse. He is just a reviewer wrestling from day to day with his simple duty. "Who sweeps a room," &c.]

CORYDON'S BOOK-CASE.

A WORKING-MAN'S LIST.

SIR,—Before you close your interesting correspondence on Corydon's Bookshelf, perhaps you will allow a working man to add his list of favourites.

Most of those who have already favoured you with lists have been literary men—men whose profession it is to study books, and who are expected to display a cultured taste in the choice of their reading matter. It may be interesting, therefore, to add the choice of one who has to "do" his ten hours a day at the wharf side, and whose holidays are few.

First to go into my bag would be the verses of Omar Khayyám (a borrowed copy, for, alas! ten-and-sixpence for a single book is quite beyond my means), if only for these lovely lines:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness.
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Next, I should reach down from its nook my copy of Locker-Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*. (Fancy being able to get a copy of that delightful work for one-and-sixpence!) Two plays of Shakespeare would next be packed away—"The Tempest" and "As You Like It." Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* must go in, and room should also be found for selections of Wordsworth (mainly for the sake of Tintern) and Matthew Arnold. A pocket edition of *In Memoriam* and Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse* completes my list of poetry.

Here, then, are my twenty volumes for holiday reading:

1. *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*
2. *Lyra Elegantiarum.*
3. "The Tempest."
4. "As You Like It."
5. *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.*
6. *Wordsworth.* (G. T. Selection.)
7. *Matthew Arnold.*
8. *In Memoriam.*
9. *Child's Garden of Verse.* (Stevenson.)
10. *Marcus Aurelius.* (Scott Library.)
11. *Emerson's Essays.*
12. *Lowell's My Study Window.*
13. *Imaginary Conversations.* (Landor.)
14. *Hazlitt's Essays.* (Scott Library.)
15. *The Antiquary.*
16. *Silas Marner.*
17. *Esmond.*
18. *Pickwick.*
19. *Jane Eyre.*
20. *The Story of an African Farm.*

—I am, &c.,

W. F. A.

11, Carmichael-street, Govan, N.B.:
Sept. 11.

SCOTCH DIALECT.

SIR,—The version of the Scotch dialect by "G. R." on wool is hardly complete.

The first question should be "Oo?" ("Wool?"), the answer being "Aye oo," and the next "A' oo?" ("All wool?") and so on as given by "G. R." This makes the dialogue complete.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Edinburgh: Sept. 10.

BOOKS OVER £100.

SIR,—The very interesting list of "Books worth more than £100" in this week's ACADEMY contains one item that is altogether misleading. Under the date 1896 Ames's "Typographical Antiquities" is chronicled as having realised £248. It is quite true Mr. Quaritch gave that sum for a copy, but a reference to Temple Scott's "Book Sales of 1896" (item 937) reveals the fact that it was an enlarged copy in four volumes, the fourth volume "containing specimen leaves of early English typography."

A copy of the first edition was sold for three guineas at the same sale.—I am, &c.,

JOHN H. SWANN.

Manchester: Sept. 9.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPT. 15.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

STUDIES IN TEXTS. By Joseph Parker. Vol. II. H. Marshall & Son. 3s. 6d.

CHRISTIANITY AND ANTI-CHRISTIANITY. By S. J. Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 9s.

THE ARCHPRIEST CONTROVERSY. Edited for the Historical Society by T. G. Law. Longmans & Co.

BLESSED ARE YE: TALKS ON THE BEATITUDES. By F. B. Meyer. Sunday School Union. 2s.

THE LATER MEDIEVAL DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE. S.P.C.K.

OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT HOME. Translated by Virginia Tylour. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO. By Major Arthur Griffiths. George Newnes. 10s. 6d.

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR OF 1897. By a German Staff Officer. Translated by Frederica Bolton. Swan Sonnenschein.

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES: R. L. STEVENSON. By Margaret Moyes Black. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1s. 6d.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

LYRA NICOTIANA. Edited by W. H. Hutchison. Walter Scott. 2s.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mackenzie Bell. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.

TRAMPS AND TROUBADOURS. By John C. Duncanson. Digby, Long & Co. 5s.

ST. AGNES. S.P.C.K.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Edited by Walter Leaf and M. A. Bayfield. Vol. II. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

OVID. Edited by J. P. Postgate. G. Bell & Sons. 3 vols. 2s. each.

CAMBRIDGE SERIES FOR SCHOOLS: THE AENEID OF VERGIL, BOOK I; CICERO; BUNYAN; GRAY. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. each.

A SHORTER GREEK PRIMER. By A. M. M. Stedman. Methuen & Co.

LOCAL EXAMINATION HISTORY. By R. L. Pringle. John Heywood (Manchester).

THE TYPIST'S MANUAL. By E. Collyns. John Heywood (Manchester).

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

CATHEDRAL SERIES: WELLS. By Percy Dearmer. G. Bell & Sons.

ESSEX PAST AND PRESENT. By G. F. Bosworth. G. Philip & Son. 2s.

POLITICS.

BISMARCK: SOME SECRET PAGES OF HIS HISTORY. Being a Diary Kept by Dr. Moritz Busch. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co. 30s.

REFLECTIONS OF A RUSSIAN STATESMAN. By K. P. Pobedonosteff. Translated by R. C. Long. The Russian Library. 6s.

PSYCHOLOGY.

THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND. By Alfred T. Schofield. Hodder & Co. 7s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.

THE STANDARD OF LIFE. By Mrs. Bosanquet. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"LETCHEMEY": A TALE OF OLD CEYLON. By "Sinnatamsky." Luzac & Co. 3s.

THE PRINCESS ILSE. By Marie Petersen. Translated by A. M. Deane. The Leadenhall Press. 2s. 6d.

THE VAGARIES OF TO-DAY. By Mark Munday. The Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.

DRAMAS OF THE DAY. By Dagonet. Chatto & Windus. 1s.

NEW EDITIONS.

A BOOKE OF SUNDRY DRAUGHTES (LEADED GLASS). The Leadenhall Press. 6s.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY: THE PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESS IN LITERATURE. By G. H. Lewes. Edited by T. S. Knowlson. THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Edited by Arthur Symonds. Walter Scott. 1s. 6d. each.

ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY: TO WHAT IS IT DUE? English Edition. The Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.

THE SPECTATOR. Vol. VIII. Dent & Co.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By A. E. Housman. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE MONUMENTS: ASSYRIA. S.P.C.K.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Dean Ramsay. 1s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We print below a further selection of new books announced for publication during the autumn and winter season:

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

MR. FISHER UNWIN'S Autumn publications include the following:

IN BELLES LETTRES.

Lithography and Lithographers. By Joseph Pennell and Mrs. Pennell.

A Literary History of Ireland. By Dr. Douglas Hyde.

Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift. Edited by Dr. G. B. Hill.

The Correspondence of Princess Elizabeth of England, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. Edited by P. C. Yorke.

Shakespeare in France. By J. Jusserand.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. By S. D. Collingwood.

The Autobiography of a Veteran. By General Enrico della Rocca. Translated by Mrs. Janet Ross.

Eighty Years and More (1815-1897), being the Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Heinrich Heine's Last Days. By Camille Selden. Newly translated.

Margaret of Denmark. By Mrs. N. Hill.

The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley: New Details from Unpublished Documents. By Dr. Guido Biagi.

TRAVEL.

Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries. By Captain H. Cayley-Webster.

Travels and Politics in the Near East. By William Miller.

Over-Sea Sketches. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

The City of the Caliphs: a Monograph on Cairo and its Environs and the Nile and its Monuments. By E. A. Reynolds Ball.

The Psychology of Peoples. By G. Le Bon. Translated by Mr. Derechef.

Life of Man on the High Alps: Studies Made on Monte Rosa. By Prof. Angelo Mosso. Translated by Mr. and Mrs. Kiesow.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Ambassador. By John Oliver Hobbes.

Poems: Chiefly Amorous. By the late Eric Mackay.

The Soul's Departure, and other Poems. By E. Willmore.

FICTION.

The Romance of a Midshipman. By W. Clark Russell.

Rodman the Boat-Steerer. Stories by L. Becke.

The Two Standards. By Dr. Barry.

The Maekin of the Flow. By Lord Ernest Hamilton.

Fableland. By W. Morant.

Far in the Forest. By Dr. S. W. Mitchell.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S announcements include:

The Life of Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. By Prof. George Adam Smith, D.D.

Afterwards, and other Stories. By Ian Maclaren.

Reminiscences of Irish Life and Character. By M. MacDonagh.

The Life of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham. By his Son, A. W. W. Dale, M.A.

Principal A. M. Fairbairn's new work: The Person of Christ and the Philosophy of Religion. Uniform with his Place of Christ in Modern Theology.

A Short History of the United States. By J. Huntley McCarthy.

Neil Macleod: a Tale of Literary Life in London.

Capriccios. By the Duchess of Leeds.

Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh. By E. Blantyre Simpson.

The Unconscious Mind. By Alfred T. Schofield.

Henry Robert Reynolds: His Life and Letters. Edited by His Sisters.

Black Rock: a Tale of the Selkirks. By Ralph Connor.

Hester Morley's Promise. By Hesba Stretton.

Frank Hardinge: or, From Torrid Zones to Regions of Perpetual Snow. By Gordon Stables, M.D.

BLACKIE & SON.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON'S announcements include the following:

The Great Campaigns of Nelson: St. Vincent, The Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar. By William O'Connor Morris.

Landmarks in English Industrial History. By George Townsend Warner, M.A.

"VICTORIAN ERA" SERIES.

Charles Kingsley. By the Very Rev. C. W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Critical Study. By Stephen Gwynn.

British Foreign Missions. By Rev. Wardlaw Thompson and Rev. A. N. Johnson, M.A.

Recent Advances in Astronomy. By A. H. Fison, D.Sc. (Lond.)

The Science of Life. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A.

Indian Life and Thought since the Mutiny. By R. P. Karkaria, B.A.

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The Growth of London, 1837-1897. By G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Under Wellington's Command: a Tale of the Peninsular War. By G. A. Henty.

Both Sides the Border: a Tale of Hoispur and Glendower. By G. A. Henty.

At Aboukir and Acre: a Story of Napoleon's Invasion of Egypt. By G. A. Henty.

The Handsome Brandons: a Story for Girls. By Katharine Tynan.

A Mystery of the Pacific. By Oliphant Smeaton.

An Alphabet of Animals. By Carton Moore Park. With twenty-six full-page Plates, a large number of Vignettes and Cover Design by Carton Moore Park.

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The Turkish Automaton: a Tale of the Time of Catharine the Great of Russia. By Sheila E. Braine.

The Troubles of Tatters, and Other Stories. By Alice Talwin Morris.

A Girl of To-day. By Ellinor Davenport Adams.

Roundabout Rhymes. By Mrs. Percy Dearmer.

W. & R. CHAMBERS.

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS will publish the following among other new books:

Dash and Daring. Being Stories told by G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, D. Ker, and many others.

The Girls of St. Wode's. By I. T. Meade.

Draw Swords! By G. Manville Fenn.

Belle. By the Author of *Laddie*.

Hermy. By Mrs. Molesworth.

The White Princess of the Hidden City. Being the Record of Leslie Rutherford's Strange Adventures in Central America. By D. Lawson Johnstone.

O'er Tartar Deserts; or, English and Russian in Central Asia. By David Ker.

Greyling Towers: a Story for the Young. By Mrs. Molesworth.

Cola Monti; or, The Story of a Genius. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

TWO NEW VOLUMES OF POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES.

Two Great Poets (Shakespeare and Tennyson). Tennyson. By Evan J. Cuthbertson.

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MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO.'s announcements include:

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The Foundations of England: a History of England to the Death of Stephen. By Sir James Ramsay, Bart.

A History of Switzerland. By Prof. E. Dändliker. Translated by E. Salisbury.

The Greco-Turkish War, 1897. By a German Staff Officer.

Life of Marie Antoinette. By Clara Tschudi. Translated from the Danish by E. M. Cope.

"Social England" Series. Edited by Kenelm Cotes, M.A. (Oxon). Other volumes in preparation:

The Evolution of the English House. By Sidney O. Addy.

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